

LIGHT IN THE WEST.



"LET THERE

BE LIGHT."

VOL. VI.

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OFTIMES the blackness which we believe we see in others is only our own shadow.

FASHION is not beauty, it is a parasite from the mansions of wealth; its votaries are the silly apes who follow it.

INVENTIONS are the revelations of things that are; who then can deny that they come to man from spirit influence.

SILENCE is the best weapon with which to repel slander. The arrows fall harmless from him who has no weak points in his armor.

BETTER worship in a poor old church with a patched roof than preach in a gorgeous Gothic temple with a heavy mortgage upon it.

THE Pope asks publishers of Catholic papers the world over to send him their publications regularly. Having taken every thing else he could, he manfully tries to — take the papers.

A PERSON who is conscious of honest purposes must not stop in his career to chide with each of his jealous friends or contend with all his envious foes, for in so doing the objects of his noble intentions will never be reached.

THE laws of God are based on such exquisitely poised justice that when properly understood they will become self evident and self convincing.

"EVIL communications corrupt good manners;" but the soul that keeps company with good spirits will harmonize with wisdom, kindness, beauty, purity and love.

THE editor who admits articles of his own shade of opinion only, is simply beholding himself in his own mirror, opaque though it be, and asserting: "How perfect I am."

IF the spirits we meet at seances or elsewhere do not improve us and do us good we may rest assured there is something wrong and we had better change our conditions or meet other spirits, or perhaps both.

MANKIND has three grades of development—the physical, intellectual and spiritual. Our progress in the first two seems to have almost culminated, while we are entering upon the era of the third.

THE Spiritual wave is advancing; the pure light of reason is pouring in upon the darkened mind of man, and not all the hue and cry of church or unbeliever can stop this flow from God's eternal, ever-living, ever-loving mind.

THOSE in quest of pure, elevating communications, should not go to a whisky-drinking, tobacco-chewing, immoral medium, or one afflicted with chronic lying; the manifestations coming through such a person, though often genuine enough, are apt to be wholly on the physical plane, exciting wonder instead of inspiring the soul with higher aspirations.

TRUE Spiritualism attracts the mind to the practical daily life application prin-

ciples which elevate the person, purify the character, and promote the temporal and spiritual welfare of the individual. Whoever teaches anything contrary to this, is a deceiver teaching lies, one who is himself or herself carnal, corrupt and unspiritual—ignorantly so, perhaps, but none the less unreliable.

OUR inner or spirit life surrounds us with an influence or atmosphere which is in conformity with itself and we should be most careful what that inner life is, so that all who come within this influence may perceive and be benefited by its influence for good. The soul that goes through life to gates of spirit life with a good aura surrounding him need have little fear about his "house eternal in the heavens." He takes his furniture with him.

IN materialization spirit does not become matter, it only causes material elements to assume human shape, and uses that human form for the purpose of making its living existence and presence known to inquiring or doubting man. This it seems should establish the fact that spirit is an entity in itself separate and distinct from matter, yet having control over it to fashion it as it will. Some assume that this materializing phenomena is simply a power of the mind exerted upon matter through the agency of electricity; but, even granting this, it is unreasonable to suppose that this (mind) part of the spirit will become less powerful after it is relieved from the environments of this body of matter.

IN the investigation of the spiritual phenomena, a captious, cynical and coldly critical frame of mind is as much to be avoided as the blind credulity which accepts all so-called manifestations as trustworthy. Both spirits are wrong, and are alike detrimental to true spiritual growth.

The first will lead one to scoff at communications from his dearest friends on the spirit side, even when they give unmistakable indications of their presence; while the other will cause him to greet with rapture flagrant frauds as genuine tests. The honest juror will hear evidence from witnesses and render just judgment.

THOSE whose inner natures are actuated by the divine principles of love are in a way to comprehend all the truths of the ethical systems of morals and are being educated to perceive or receive spiritual truths from a still higher source of spirit life; things which have not yet been revealed and are not in those systems. The reception and publication of these newly revealed truths is inspirational revelation. Looking into ourselves from this standpoint, how many of us can realize that we are practically true Spiritualists?

SPIRITUALISM is the only true consoler. While the Christian mourns and refuses to be comforted when some dear object of his affection is called to the higher life, the Spiritualist knows that those from whom he is severed in earth life are with him still,—invisible to the mortal senses, it may be, but tangible and ever present to the spiritual preceptions. Lifted above material doubt and uncertainty the Spiritualist whose life is pure and in harmony with the divine Spirit may "feel the touch of a vanished hand," and hear "the sound of a voice that is still" to material ears. The Christian hopes; the Spiritualist *knows*.

BE a life ever so vile, some redeeming quality is hidden under the vileness. The spark of divinity that glows in every human soul may be dimmed and shrouded from the sight, but it is not extinguished. The diamond is but a homely pebble before it is polished; the diver descends to slimy depths for the pearl, and the coral is buried in tangled masses of sea-weed: so the undeveloped spiritual nature may be stripped of the incrustations, slime and weeds of materiality, and unfold in beauty and perfection. But love must be the moulding influence and not hate; patience, not prejudice; perseverance, not indifference.

SPIRIT intercourse is governed by fixed laws, which must be conformed to in order to receive satisfactory manifestations. One essential is harmony among those sitting for Spiritual phenomena; for discordant elements destroy the conditions neces-

sary to produce satisfactory manifestations. Jesus of Nazareth thoroughly understood and taught this, through his ministry. Ofttimes, when his disciples failed in works which they had undertaken, he attributed it to their lack of faith. "Oh, ye of little faith," was almost a daily exclamation with him. In one place (Matt. XIII, 58), the New Testament tells us that "he did not many wonders" in a certain place, "because of their unbelief." Numerous examples of this kind are given, and in many places where there were "wonders" performed, the narrative tells us that "they were all of one accord."

KNOWLEDGE of Spiritual truth will not come to persons faster than they are able to receive it; although it passes before them, they will not comprehend it. It is not the quantity that a person eats, but only what is digested, that nourishes the natural body; so, it is not the amount we see and hear that adds to our knowledge, but that which we receive and appropriate that will promote our spiritual growth. The natural body commences in infancy with food easy to assimilate; the intelligence of a child can comprehend only the primary facts of intellectual knowledge; and just so the spiritual body must become as a child, and accept and practice the simple and yet fundamental truths of goodness, which form the essential beginning of Spiritual unfoldment. Then one will be ready to receive greater problems in the works of nature, and in the system through which Divinity controls the universe. One may accept a few advanced truths without knowing and practicing the first principles, and forthwith proclaim himself a Spiritualist, while others pronounce him only a crank. Thus he becomes a stigma upon the cause rather than an ornament to it. Of intellectual knowledge one has aptly said that "a little learning is a dangerous thing." So, a little knowledge here and there of Spiritualism is apt to make a crank, a knave, a silly goose, or a babbling fool. For our good, and the credit of truth, we should master the primer first.

WRITINGS OF A. J. DAVIS.

To review the last work of the Poughkeepsie Seer, "Beyond the Valley," is like repeating an oft told tale, since so many of the works of this well known author have been read by people who are interested in Spiritualism throughout the civilized world. A fair review of his works

would make a book in itself. Who has not heard of his Great Harmonia. In addition to this work, which is in five volumes, he has written twenty-five other books entitled respectively, Views of Our Heavenly Home; Principles of Nature; Arabula; Death and the After Life; Principles of Nature, Her Divine Revelations; Children's Progressive Lyceum; Approaching Crisis; Answers to Ever recurring Questions; The Inner Life; Harmonial Man; The Temple; Harbinger of Health; Tale of a Physician; Philosophy of Spiritual Intercourse; History and Philosophy of Evil; Stellar Key to Summer Land; The Fountain; Philosophy of Special Providences; Penetralia, containing Harmonial Answers; Free Thoughts Concerning Religion; The Diakka; The Genesis and Ethics of Conjugal Love; Morning Lectures; Memoranda of Persons, Places and Events; Magic Staff; and Beyond the Valley. This last work is a sequel to his "Magic Staff," and like it is a continuation of his autobiography. What he has seen "Beyond the Valley" is illustrated by beautiful pen pictures before the mind of the reader, with a vividness and attractiveness nowhere else to be found.

In reading this work we can almost imagine that we see him whose life has been so fully spent in the spread of Spiritual truth, standing like Moses on Pisgah's height, while the angels not only held "the gates ajar" but threw them wide open to his comprehensively descriptive vision. His is not the view of a hallucinatory vision, but rather the teaching from the spiritual guides of one whose "roll" of truth is in his head, and who leans upon his well tried "staff" of sound judgment. Errors in his writings may become apparent as the higher attainments of spiritual knowledge may be unfolded to our progressive race; still he who has only the combined works of Andrew Jackson Davis, has on his shelf as good, if not a better library of spiritual philosophy than he could have by selecting the same number of books from all other authors combined.

WHEN we look at the work of Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond in the "First Society of Spiritualists" in Chicago, for the past eleven years, and see the good that has been accomplished with that people and the harmony that exists, we can well point to it as an example where Spiritualism has promoted fraternal love and moral elevation. The weekly discourses are

saved to the congregation and to the world by publication. We show our appreciation of this work by frequently giving a reprint of parts of these discourses to readers. Without further comment we will end this notice by asking a plain question, which all may be able to answer for themselves, especially those who regularly attend church or other lectures every Sunday—How many of your pastors or lecturers could have an annual volume bound, including every sermon of the year, which would give as much good sound instruction for man's use either in this life or the life to come, as a volume of these weekly discourses would include?

Mrs. E. L. WATSON's work at San Francisco, California, is another most noted example of moral worth, grandly portrayed in continuous work on the platform, with a highly cultured audience. Here, again, Spiritualism and a "woman" have the credit, and with the spirits receive the praise. Mrs. Watson does not need to depend on books, papers, nor philosophers for her Spiritualism; it comes to her from the spirit world, the source of all "Light."

SPIRITUAL, ETHICAL, AND HISTORICAL DISCOURSES, is a volume of twenty-seven lectures, delivered under inspiration by W. J. Colville, in Berkeley Hall, Boston, during 1885-'6, bound, and consisting of some 500 pages. In these discourses we have the various subjects treated in that outspoken, straight forward manner for which the utterances of this medium on the platform are so celebrated. In his subjects, on points which are of vital importance to our times, his guides meet the issues squarely, and in words of condemnation and even scathing rebuke, denounce the wrongs of our day, whether of political, social, or individual nature, and yet with no less precision and force do they point out remedies, and the better way. This is a remarkable feature in these and all lectures from Mr. Colville. He never, for a moment, leaves his listeners in the dark, but, having clearly shown the error or corruption, he at once proceeds to define the right way, or point out the remedy. He attributes his information to a higher power than himself, and does not spend time or words in self-laudation. We may read page after page of his lectures, without once coming in contact with the pronoun I, so completely is self subdued under the bright light of spiritual influence and thought. The book is sent to us for sale at \$1 each.

The Christmas Tide.

BY EMMA TRAIN.

Lo! the Christmas tide is sobbing
On the restless shores of Time,
And its music deep and throbbing
Has a tenderness sublime.
Now it tells a wondrous story
Filled with darkness and with glory,
As it ripples, low and sweet,
On the pebbles at our feet.

Hark! the notes of music falling
O'er the billows' foaming crest,
Youthful voices gladly calling
In the mirthful laugh and jest.
Now the flying feet are keeping
Time to dancing billows leaping,
And the graceful figures glide
To the merry Christmas tide.

Hush! there comes a solemn feeling
From this slowly rolling wave,
In the misty gloom revealing
Nothing but an open grave.
Sorrow stands in silence weeping,
While the shadows hold in keeping
All the laughter of the years
Melted into falling tears.

Now the moaning waves are telling
Of the treasure and the worth,
Of the coffers ever swelling
With the hoarded wealth of earth;
Of the bins with grain o'erflowing,
Of the waving harvests growing,
Gathered in and stored away
From the broader light of day.

Tons of fuel all useless lying,
Bales of flannel rich and warm;
While the wintry winds are sighing
With their bitter cold and storm.
'Mid the blasts so loudly breezing—
There are beings starving, freezing,—
Dying 'mid the wealth and pride
Of the selfish Christmas tide!

And anon, the billows sighing
Tell of infamy and woe;
Of the sin and crime that's lying
Hidden in the wine cup's glow;
Of the serpent of temptation
Coiled within a mighty nation,
Luring o'er her sons most fair
To its fatal, poison snare!

Over all the joy and weeping,
Over all the wrong and strife
Angels tireless watch are keeping
From the higher realms of life;
Grieved that sinfulness yet smothers
Love that should make mankind brothers,
Grieved that truth from purer spheres
Fails to dry the falling tears.

Lo! the Christmas tide is swelling
'Long the restless shores of Time,
And a wondrous story telling
Glad with love and dark with crime.
O, that progress joy might render,
Human hearts grow warm and tender,
And a greater good abide
At this ebbing Christmas tide.

For Light in the West.

DISCORDANT SPIRITUALISM.

BY PROF. HENRY KIDDLE.

The beginning of a new year offers an appropriate occasion for considering what is the condition of our cause as to the truths which it offers to the world—what are the principles and views which it advocates for the purpose of enlightening mankind and improving their social, moral, and religious condition. Whither is the spiritual movement drifting, or being steered by those who have any control over it?

The fundamental fact sought to be established—the manifestation of disembodied human spirits—is undoubtedly gaining ground; the believers in it are becoming more numerous every year, and could this

truth be properly reinforced by applications which would satisfy the cultured, spiritual mind, the cause would show a progress and development that nothing could gainsay or arrest. Discord and chaotic opinion, however, block the wheels, and what should be luxuriant growth becomes only stunted, useless herbage, in great part at least, provoking more and more the question, especially among the proselytes, *cui bono*?

In support of spirit existence and manifestation, there has already been gathered a mass of evidence which ought to be irresistible; but prejudice and bigotry defy facts and logic, and forever cling to their

"dear delusions" with the tenacity of the Devil-fish. Their tentacles are numerous, and never quit their hold. Under their influence is developed an ingenuity of evasion similar to the proclivity of the animal we refer to, which darkens the waters in which it swims in order to escape its pursuer. Of this the so-called psychical research societies present a forcible illustration. The influence of these societies is truly malign.

Were Spiritualists at all agreed even in regard to the phenomenal facts, this influence and other disturbing forces could be readily counteracted; but no such agreement exists, except to a very limited extent. They are discordant—sadly, bitterly, bigotedly discordant. They deny that they have any *creed*: they *believe* nothing, they *know*; and yet they have no uniformity of knowledge, and seem to be afraid to formulate what they think they know; and thus they present only broken ranks to the hostile forces of error. Differences, one would think, could scarcely exist among those who had discovered methods of complete demonstrations, so as to entitle them to consider their attained results knowledge.

A great deal of the opposition to creeds, or formulated statements of belief, is the result of misconception and prejudice. Every one must, in fact, have a creed; and it is not creeds that we should oppose but erroneous creeds, and statements of what is believed to be final and infallible truth, since all our views of truth should be provisional, progressive, and subject to review and correction. No finite mind can reach truth absolute. The logical difference between knowledge and belief is quite often very slight, and rather imaginary than real, as an exhaustive analysis must show. Even the knowledge based on sensation and preception is, in the last analysis, only belief, since it depends on an intuitive faith in the evidence of our bodily senses. When these senses are deranged, we see, hear, or feel what really has no existence; and no one cognizes anything directly except by intuition; and, in this state of being, our intuitions do not agree. We should not, therefore, boast too positively of our knowledge; for, in fact, we rarely transcend the realm of opinion, or hypothesis.

Spiritualists are truly a heterogeneous class of people, whether considered ethically, scientifically, or religiously. It is claimed for Modern Spiritualism that it involves a science, a philosophy, and a

religion—a science as to its facts, a philosophy as to the interpretation of these facts and the doctrines derived from them; and a religion in its relation to theoretical and practical theology, the cultivation of a closer spiritual relation to God, and the advancement of the human soul toward higher planes of spiritual existence, with its extrication from earthly, material conditions.

No class of people present a greater diversity of opinions and beliefs than Spiritualists; and no movement was ever characterized by more incongruous principles than theirs. As long, however, as the spiritual movement confines itself to the basic facts of spirit existence and manifestation, exercising the broadest liberty and liberality as to views professed in connection with it a practical union and co-operation is not wholly impossible; but, at present, it is obvious that there can be no general organization of Spiritualism upon any basis whether of science, philosophy, or religion, because there are no common views and principles. The outside world see in Spiritualism, and among Spiritualists, only a mass of discordant opinions and a wrangling crowd of controversialists.

Even the phenomenists or Spiritists, are very far from an agreement as to the phenomenal facts. Some for example, are utter disbelievers in what is called full-form materialization, a phase of spirit manifestation sustained by evidence certainly as strong as that which supports any other. Then there are the psychists, or occultists, who hold that a large part of the phenomena are due to no external spiritual agency, and explain away as far as possible all spiritual manifestations as depending only on the occult powers of the incarnate spirit.

The philosophic Spiritualists are even farther from homogeneity of views. There are, among them, the materialistic Spiritualists, who attribute everything to matter and its laws and potencies. Spirit, they hold, is only matter under special conditions; while the non-materialistic Spiritualists are just as positive that matter and spirit are generically and essentially unlike, spirit being *sui generis*, and having nothing in common with matter; and the less they know on this subtle topic, the more positive they often become, even resorting to coarse invective and ob-jurgation in the maintenance of their *spiritual* opinions. Of this absurd course we have some recent illustrations, which would provoke a smile, if it were not

really sad to see a professed spiritual philosopher, and one claiming to be the medium of *wise* spirits too, severely and personally assail those of different views, as if personal vituperation could ever take the place of logical argument. It is this malign spirit that has so seriously injured the cause of true Spiritualism, and disgraced it before the non-spiritualistic public, disgusting all cultured and intelligent minds and leading to the belief that the professed medium, boasting of his infallible "controls," is only a psychomaniac or one possessed of evil spirits, the special characteristics of whom are vanity, conceit, and a foolish assumption of infallibility.

As to religion, Spiritualism is still more discordant. The most extreme and contradictory views are advocated ranging from what has been called Christian Spiritualism to downright atheism and the abnegation of all religious belief and practice. Spirit teaching, as in any respect a source of spiritual truth, is practically repudiated; for while some Spiritualists find in it the strongest sanction of religious and theistic doctrines, others impute all such doctrines to ignorant or sectarian spirits still upon the earth plane, and impute the atheistic non-religious teaching to highly-progressed, intellectual spirits, who, as they claim, are alone worthy of confidence. Thus they invert the rule of the Christian apostle: "Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they are of God; because many false prophets [or mediums for deceiving spirits] have gone out into the world."

Thus are we deprived of the means of obtaining anything approximating to a uniform basis of belief, the want of which must necessarily culminate in the formation of a multitude of sectarian divisions in Spiritualism, notwithstanding the condemnation so often pronounced upon the sects of Christianity. An armistice of sectarianism is, however, better than a continuous war of angry controversialists, whose aim is not truth but the silencing of their opponents. "Let each be persuaded in his own mind."

This want of unanimity among the upholders of Modern Spiritualism is not at all surprising and doubtless arises from a philosophic cause. The progress of truth will, we believe, certainly diminish it, and in the end bring to our cause a greater degree of harmony of doctrine. Let us endeavor to cultivate moderation and humility, in our convictions, exercise less positivism in the assertions of our opinions, greater charity toward opponents, and a willingness to "agree to disagree." The world will be more likely to accept the truths which we offer when they see that we ourselves unite harmoniously in their advocacy, instead of making them a "bone of contention."

JESSE SHEPARD.

The experience of this famous medium in St. Louis largely contradicts the saying that "a prophet is not without honor, save in his own country." His recent visit to this city was the fourth in as many years, and at each visit he has been welcomed back by his old friends, whose appreciation is not deadened by time; while new converts add fresh enthusiasm to the ever-increasing number of his admirers. And the appreciation and enthusiasm are not in any sense confined to Spiritualists; it matters not what one's belief may be, his seances, once attended, strike the hearer with mingled feelings of surprise, wonder, and a grateful consideration for the personality through whom this great demonstration of psychic force is manifest. Nor is Mr. Shepard dependent alone on his gifts to command attention; individually he is certain of social recognition wherever he goes, and the more refined and intellectual the society, the more marked and positive the admission of his merits as a man. He has a gift precious in the eyes of all mankind—the gift of making friends, and of keeping his friends when made. Jesse Shepard, to-day, would be successful in any sphere of labor where experience, judgment, critical acumen and intellectuality are the basis of general acknowledgment and appreciation among higher minds. As a psychic, he is negative; as a man, he is positive. Those who understand him to be one of those individuals who are easily moulded to suit the whims and foibles of selfishness and vulgar curiosity, will be disappointed. It is generally said of persons who are subject to spiritual influence, that they are visionary and impracticable; but there are few business men who know their business as well as Mr. Shepard knows his profession. With him, his calling is not a visionary and flighty uncertainty, without order or method, lacking that reliability which practical methods give; but a reality, covering a system of regular work, without which there would be no success for him in this world. He has certain hours for sleep, fixed hours for eating, special foods for special days, and in his seances he exercises the most exact regulations in regard to the seating of the sitters, rules in which he will brook no impertinent meddling or foolish experimenting. Mr. Shepard frankly says: "I have served my apprenticeship, mastered my profession, know my capabilities, and I never permit people to influence me in anything when I know my own business best." His method of work has been so very successful that he is complimented wherever he goes.

St. Louis may be considered Mr. Shepard's home, for it was here his parents resided during an important period of his youth, as well as his first psychical unfoldment. It was in the choir of St. Xavier's Catholic Church, in this city, that he was first influenced to sing, one Sunday morning, at high mass. Prof. Kleber was the organist at that time (1868), and complimented the young novice on his first triumph. Mr. Shepard has been subject to spiritual visitations from his earliest childhood, but did not know the meaning of such influences until he came in contact with Spirit-



JESSE SHEPARD.

ualists who recognized the familiar signs of psychical control, and explained the philosophy to him—Mr. J. J. Outley, the well known Spiritualist here, being one of the very first to tell him of his wonderful psychical gifts.

Mr. Shepard's parents and immediate relatives are strict followers of the old school orthodoxy, and the family were communicants and members of Trinity Church, under Dr. Hutchinson, then the leading Episcopal Church of the city. Mr. Shepard's sister, Letitia, had charge of a Sunday-school class at Trinity Church, and Jesse himself was a member of a class taught by our wealthy townsman, Mr. Edward Simmons. His sister also taught a large class on Sunday afternoons at Dr. Brookes' (Presbyterian) Church, and still another class at Mr. Smythe's Sunday-school, at Eighth and Locust streets. Jesse attended all these Sunday meetings, besides the regular morning and evening services. Literally, the entire Sabbath was required to carry out this rigorous orthodox system, from early morning till late in the evening. Some years later,

when Mr. Shepard's parents went to reside in Chicago, Jesse, then being of the proper age, was admitted as a communicant of St. James' Episcopal Church by Dr. Clarkson, afterward Bishop of Nebraska. On the occasion of Miss Letitia Shepard's first appearance as a classical reader, at Smith & Nixon's Hall, in Chicago, Dr. Clarkson introduced the elocutionist, and took a seat on the rostrum throughout the evening. The honor shown Miss Shepard on this occasion was exceptional, and a mark of the esteem in which the family was held by the highest circles of society. Mr.

Shepard's parents were, in deed and fact, exemplary Christians, and "went about doing good," not only nursing the sick and afflicted, but burying the dead on occasions when that sad office would otherwise have been performed by less warm and sympathetic hearts. In these acts no display was ever made; the deed always came from the heart, from the inner consciousness of souls who were "acquainted with grief" and sympathized with the sorrows and sufferings of afflicted humanity. One of Jesse's earliest recollections is walking long distances to carry well-prepared food and nourishment to the sick and needy; thus it was that the famous psychic was from infancy brought up in an atmosphere of benevolence and well-doing—a fact which may in part account for his profound sympathy for all who are in distress and trouble. Mr. Shepard's parents not only did good in a substantial and practical way, but they taught their children every important rule of life, and, above all, to respect age and virtue.

"Honor thy father and thy mother," was a maxim familiar in the household, and one which has always been obeyed to the letter.

Dr. Shepard is a magnificent specimen of a typical old school gentleman, over eighty years of age, and six feet two inches in height. His father and grandfather were wealthy landed proprietors in the old country. Mrs. Shepard, in her youth, was noted for her great beauty, and is a descendant of Constantia Grierson, the most learned woman of her day. Miss Shepard was for a long time London correspondent of the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, writing under the *nom de plume* of "Galatea." She is a favorite in the most intellectual circles of London, not only for her distinguished personal beauty, but also for the sweetness of her disposition and rare accomplishments.

In 1871 Mr. Shepard's parents and sister accompanied him to Europe, and they have ever since resided in England, living in London a part of each year. They are still strictly orthodox in principle and practice, and never a day passes without Bible reading and family

prayer. The subject and philosophy of Spiritualism are never touched upon, and Mr. Shepard says that he is contented that they should maintain their accustomed beliefs, in which they have always found consolation and happiness. Between the psychic and his parents the utmost harmony and affection exists; and yet they are strongly opposed to all forms of belief and practice not sanctioned by the Church. Mr. Shepard says that when he first began to give seances, his mother was so affected as to become seriously ill, as she gave up all hope of his spiritual salvation; but when she saw that he won the consideration and respect of the best people everywhere he went, she learned to accustom her feelings to the new order of things. But it has always been a severe trial for his parents, who, although the subject of Spiritualism is never mentioned in Mr. Shepard's presence, are bitterly opposed to our philosophy in any form. This, however, does not in the slightest degree mar the family ties of respect and affection, which have never for a single day ceased to exist.

Mr. Shepard's work in St. Louis during the past four years has been productive of phenomenal results; it forms a striking chapter in the history of Spiritualism in this locality, and the revival which he inaugurated during his first visit has continued in its effects up to the present hour, until a spiritual influence is felt in quarters where our philosophy was previously either unknown or scoffed at. Many of our prominent merchants, musicians, lawyers, physicians, critics, and society leaders may be numbered among his converts during this period, several of whom were developed as mediums while members of Mr. Shepard's classes. Of the mediums developed, Mrs. Michael Goettler is among the most remarkable. This lady's gifts have of late assumed marked and extraordinary features; the test, mental, clairvoyant, and magnetic phases surprising her friends by the power displayed. To enumerate the numerous phases of mediumship which his seances have unfolded in different homes all over the city, would require several columns, and can only be touched upon here.

One of the most remarkable results of his psychical powers is shown in the encomiums with which the representative newspapers of this and every other country have honored these artistic and phenomenal seances. In this particular sphere, the gifts and the work of Jesse Shepard are absolutely without a parallel. All agree that his peculiar powers have never been equaled; that they can not be imitated, and that they are unique. No one who has not seen these press notices can form an adequate idea of their bulk and quality. Three large books are required to hold the notices, criticisms and essays culled from the great dailies of Europe and America, to say nothing of the Spiritual press. Many of these notices fill three columns of fine print, and the writers usually finish by asserting their inability to do justice to what they heard. The daily *Repub-*

lican, of this city, which is, in a great measure, the representative of Catholic orthodoxy here, gave an extended account of one of Mr. Shepard's seances, which fully admitted the phenomenal and spiritual character of the performance. This, we believe, was the first time the *Republican* gave a professional psychic a notice in which ample justice was accorded the phenomena throughout. The *Globe Democrat* and the *Post-Dispatch* vied with each other in pen pictures of the seances, admitting that the music could not be adequately described. But it is a difficult thing to say in what part of the world Jesse Shepard's seances have been most successful. In looking over his scrap-books we chance upon certain elaborate articles which strike us as particularly accurate and appreciative; as, for instance, an essay by Stanley Fowler, the founder of the *Chicago Evening Journal*, or an account in the *Louisville Courier Journal*, or one from the *New Orleans Picayune*. And after reading these, we chance upon one in a Parisian paper, and so we say, "the last is the best." And so it is with this psychic's work everywhere, the last seems the best; probably for the reason that there is no end to the marvelous inspirations which are poured in upon the performer and listener at each successive seance. As an example of this, we may cite Mr. Shepard's seances in Cincinnati, at the residence of Dr. Dennis, where upwards of seventy musical representations were given, which were attended by many of the most competent musicians and critics of that city. Several persons attended every seance held, the consensus of opinion being that no two seances were alike, although all were equally brilliant and powerful.

The following notices will give some idea of the scope and universality of this psychic's work in different parts of the world. The *Chicago Times* of January 4th, 1880, says:

"The exceptional and romantic career of Jesse Shepard, the famous phenomenal singer, would appear, if recounted in full, more like a tale of fiction than a recital of facts in the history of his musical triumphs in all parts of the world. It is a common thing to read of the success of self-made men in business, and of how they had fought against fate and a selfish world for years before they gained a firm footing in commercial life; but who ever heard of a self-made musician, possessed of natural gifts both in vocal and instrumental music? Young Shepard began at an early age to develop extraordinary talent for the piano, and made his first appearance in public, before a critical Boston audience, in 1868. Competent judges pronounced the performance a remarkable one, but Shepard had no faith in his own talent, and at once decided on going to Paris and undergoing a thorough course of instruction under one of the great masters. When he arrived there, the young artist was at once asked to a reception by Wertel, the famous teacher of Jenny Lind, of Neilson, and of Marie Roze, and invited to sing before the most fastidious and critical audience in the world, composed of professors and their now distinguished pupils.

"It was a trying ordeal for one so young and inexperienced. Wertel requested the newcomer

to sing the most difficult aria in Meyerbeer's masterpiece, and when he had finished the great teacher declared that Shepard's voice was already beyond the range of practice or culture, and that he needed neither. This sudden and unexpected verdict was more than the skeptical young singer could believe, so a few days after he started in quest of Auber, the eminent French composer and the director of the Imperial conservatorium of music. Here he received the same verdict. But still he was inclined to have no faith in his own gifts, and desired something more decisive and definite. With this view he called upon Gastinelle, the famous composer of grand masses and sacred music.

"It was at this point that Shepard began his astonishing career in Europe. Upon hearing him sing, Gastinelle immediately engaged him to lead the grand chorus and sing the solos in the new mass to be performed for the first time on March 25, 1869, in the Cathedral of Notre Dame, with an orchestra of a hundred musicians and a chorus of two hundred voices. It must be remembered that during all this time Shepard had received no lessons in singing, had not practiced a scale of vocal music, and was ignorant of the methods of voice culture. He next appeared at high mass in St. Eustache, one of the largest churches in Paris, and, finally, under the patronage of the great singer and composer, the Countess Luigi de Lievers, at her select classical concerts, then the leading events of the musical world. All this was accomplished in a few weeks, without any letters of introduction, and without any passport but that of his natural gift of singing. After remaining in Paris till the close of the season he next appeared in London, a perfect stranger, unannounced and unattended. In London his concerts were given in the mansions of the nobility and with greater success than was ever attained by an unknown artist.

"The young prodigy appeared in London under the patronage of the dowager Countess Combermere, at her mansion in Belgrave square, and subsequently under the patronage of the dowager Vicountess Gort, Lady Dunsany, and other society leaders. The most distinguished ambassadors then in England were present, besides members of the royal family, at a reception given by the Countess Combermere in his honor. The artist's fame was now established in England and he was at once invited to other centres of music and fashion. The question was asked on every hand, 'Who is he, and where did he come from?' It seemed as if a musical genius had suddenly made his appearance, from no one could tell where, and the mystery was all the greater, as none of the English papers had contained notices of him, and the general public was ignorant of his presence in London. It was not until he had been giving concerts in the mansions of the nobility for some time that notices appeared in the journals. After a season of extraordinary success in England he went to Baden-Baden, again a stranger in a strange land. Here he was a guest of a nobleman, and he was immediately made acquainted with the elite of notables then congregated in that celebrated German watering-place. It was in Baden-Baden that he achieved one of the most remarkable successes ever experienced by an artist. His music both vocal and instrumental created a sensation absolutely without a parallel since the days when Mozart charmed the *cognoscenti* of

Vienna by his splendid genius.

"The season at Baden was exceptionally brilliant. The queen of Prussia and many of the prominent nobles of Europe were there, and Gabrielle Kraus was singing with other great stars at the grand opera, yet the now intrepid musician encouraged by his previous success did not refuse when the Bishop of Baden begged that he would sing in the cathedral at high mass in order that church-goers might hear the wonderful music. On the following Sunday, Jesse Shepard appeared before the great organ without a note of written music, and in the presence of an immense congregation, composed of various denominations, singers, musicians, nobles and critics. The majority were drawn together to witness the most trying ordeal of his career. The young artist sang his own music, and upon the first notes ringing through the vast edifice all voices hushed and every one felt the deep religious inspiration of the moment; then, as the voice grew stronger, it seemed as if it filled every part of the church, from altar to dome. Perhaps the most wonderful part of this performance was, that Shepard manipulated the large organ, and sang at the same time, something never before attempted by a singer. After this triumph, he was praised by the great critics, and complimented in every tongue. People wanted to know where he studied music, and what was the name of his singing master. Madame Viardo Garcia, the sister of Malibran, and one of the famous teachers of singing in Europe, received the new prodigy at her chateau and invited him to take part at a select concert under her patronage. But this was only the beginning of perpetual musical triumphs, which, during the artist's sojourn in Europe, seemed to have no end. He received invitations from every great capital on the continent, from court dignitaries, impresarios, composers, and the *dilettanti*. He next visited St. Petersburg, that most fastidious of all cities for an artist to appear in.

"Young Shepard's life in Russia was a veritable romance, and does not seem to be analogous to the experience of any other musician. Arriving there without friend or manager, he found all doors open at his coming, and did not have to wait for friends. He made his first appearance, amid great enthusiasm, at a select concert, after which he was invited to the most *recherche* soirees in St. Petersburg, and his success was established in society beyond all cavil. After spending one year at the Russian capital and after having been a guest at the Imperial palace at Gatchina, and at the Episcopal palace, he returned to England. From there he came to America, where he appeared in all the principal cities with the most pronounced success. He next visited Australia remaining there one year, appearing in Sydney, Melbourne, and Ballarat. In Melbourne his concerts were given under the patronage of the leading citizens and state officials of Victoria. Nothing equal to the enthusiasm which his music creates has been known since the days of Jenny Lind."

Prof. Rodas Buchanan, in the New York *Times*, writes:

"If you would listen to the wonderful musical performances of Jesse Shepard, you would never again sneer at 'Ghostly music,' and if you should hear him (a young man of very limited education) declaiming with eloquence in the language

of Bacon and of Shakespeare in a literary style worthy of those authors, and then, with equal fluency, speaking in Hebrew from the Prophet Jeremiah, and in Chinese from Confucius, and learn that the Hebrew and Chinese could be fully recognized by those acquainted with those languages, and that the orations were worthy in style of their spiritual origin, you would probably feel less inclined to treat such subjects with coarse jest and idle persiflage."

At a farewell reception in Chicago resolutions were passed respecting Mr. Shepard's work. Judge Edward S. Holbrook, of that city, supported the resolutions by the following remarks:

"I cannot let so favorable an opportunity pass without a few remarks. I have kept my eye on this young man ever since his boyhood. I was acquainted with him long before he was known to the world. Look at his wonderful articles in the *Times*! Why, it is something we can show to all the world and be proud of. My profession leads me into those walks of life where critical and skeptical minds prevail. I am brought in contact with lawyers, judges, and clergymen. You have no idea of the sensation this young man is creating. The other day, while in Joliet, I was asked by several lawyers if I could tell them anything about Jesse Shepard. They wanted to know something about this new wonder. They had been reading Bacon's essays in the *Times*. They asked me if he was educated, and I told them no; it is the spirit world coming down to you; will you hear it? For instance, these Baconic essays possess all the philosopher's individuality, his profundity, his style, and his wonderful depth of thought. If it is not Bacon himself, it is some one just as great.

"Spiritualism and mediums have been constantly assailed and ridiculed for lack of force, intelligence and culture in the phenomena produced. But here we have the force, the power which carries conviction with it. We have a power which cannot be ridiculed. It is thrilling, it is elevating. We have listened to Mozart to-night. We have listened to the music of the spheres. I tell you we have a power here that defies the world, and if anyone can produce such music, now is the time to try. In the olden time they used to hear the angels sing. We have heard them sing to-night. If it is not the angels, what is it—can anyone tell?"

The *Daily Leader*, of Grand Rapids, July 12th, 1886, says:

"In the work accomplished Spiritualists have great cause to rejoice, inasmuch as so many of our people, those occupying the highest positions in society, have been deeply interested concerning the great question—if a man dies shall he live again? It is a great thing to say that more has been accomplished than has been previously done by any worker who has visited us, yet such is the fact."

La Lumier, of Paris, July, 1884, among other things remarks:

"All that we can say is, that after having known him, we and our numerous friends appreciate the fact, that his excellent reputation does not suffer by an intimate acquaintance. The gifts of this young medium give him an exceptional place in the artistic world, and are the cause of marks of esteem and sympathy from our celebrated musi-

cians; the illustrious composer, Samuel David, presenting his great work, 'The Triumph of Peace,' with the following inscription: 'To my excellent friend and artist, Jesse Shepard.'"

The Paris *Figaro*, the leading daily of the French capital, spoke of the singing of Malibran, and for the first time complimented artistic mediumship. But it is a difficult task, in a limited space, to give anything like an adequate account of the actual work accomplished, for we find that we have left out some of the most important and most wonderful achievements at various times and places during his career, and we shall close this short sketch by calling attention to what we believe to be one of the most remarkable triumphs ever gained for our cause. We allude to the many concerts given by Mr. Shepard in churches.

In San Francisco several concerts were given under the patronage of Rev. Dr. Kalloch's Baptist congregation, at the Metropolitan Temple. A psychical seance was also held in the Temple, under the immediate supervision of Dr. Kalloch, which was the means of his conversion to Spiritualism, as he preached a Spiritual sermon a few weeks later, and gave up the ministry. The Temple is now occupied by a flourishing society of Spiritualists. At San Luis Obispo, a concert was given in the Jesuit Church, under the patronage of Father Rouselle, the priest in charge. Father Rouselle, knowing the source of the music, said he was only too glad to have an opportunity of letting his people listen to such melody. The church was crowded on this occasion. At Chico, California, two performances were given in the Congregational Church. At Portland, Oregon, and in Walla Walla, the Unitarian Churches were placed at his disposal by the pastors and their congregations. At Leadville, the Methodist Church was freely offered, and Mr. Shepard could have given the concert in the Episcopal Church, had he been so inclined. In Denver, a series were given in the Unitarian Church. The pastor of the Washington, D. C., Baptist Church assisted in the selling of tickets, and the whole congregation attended the concert there. The Mother Superior of the celebrated Convent of the Visitation, at Washington, invited Mr. Shepard to sing and play in the concert hall of that institution. One hundred nuns were present on this memorable occasion. Rev. Dr. Minot Savage, of Boston, offered his church for a performance. In Paris Mr. Shepard was appointed leader of the great choir of Notre Dame, although M. Gastinelle, the musical director, was aware of the psychic's ignorance of written music. He also sang at Saint Eustache, one of the largest and oldest churches in Europe. A curious fact is that Mr. Shepard's first singing took place in a Catholic Church of our city, and that all through his career he has been identified with the severest orthodox elements in filling a mission there which no one else could fill.

For the benefit of those who have not attended Mr. Shepard's seances, we will at-

tempt a description of one of these grand performances—not scientifically in all its minutæ, but plainly and briefly as possible, from the fact that, in order to notice his work among the principal nations of the civilized world, some of our readers may think we have given too much space already. Those lately held in this city were given at the residences of Mrs. Meara, on Pine street, and of M. Goettler, Esq., South Broadway, and attended by some select friends only, as the medium's stay here was short, because of his engagements ahead on his way to California, one of which, at Kansas City, has been previously noticed.

On the 21st of November, at the residence of Mr. Goettler, some twenty persons were present. By invitation the writer of this remained in the room in which the circle was to be formed, and observed the placing of the seats, the arrangement of the piano and other furniture in the room. At the appointed time Mr. Shepard called sitters from the adjoining apartment one by one, and placed them in the circle, which reached from one end of the piano around in front, and to the other end of it, leaving a space inside of the circle in front of the piano, the medium taking his seat on the stool at the instrument. The doors were fastened, and the lights put out. A familiar tune was played on the piano, in which the circle joined; then the performance commenced. First, however, we will say that in the audience were several mediums, two of which were clairvoyants, and from one of whom, Mrs. Thomas, we have the following description: "As soon as the lights were put out, I saw Mr. Shepard's spirit guides; they were five in number, four males and one female. I could not tell their nationality, but they were ancient, except the lady, who seemed a German. I saw many others, three of whom I recognized from their portraits, with which I am familiar—Martin Luther, the great reformer; John Wesley founder of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and Oliver Cromwell, of England. These were inside our circle, while immediately outside of it I saw a spirit circle, all in radiant white. Above this was another circle, whose garments shown like burnished silver, and having crowns on their heads. Then above these was another circle, clothed in white, but with a mellow, golden light emanating from their persons. Above these, and over all of us, was a dome about twenty feet in height, whose light, in all colors of the rainbow, shimmered down upon the circle; while from the middle of it threads of light, like rays from a diamond, centered upon the medium." Mrs. Goettler clairvoyantly "saw part of this, but not all."

The first performance was from Mozart—not extraordinary, but enough to awaken our apprehensions that something was to follow, and sure enough, there was "music in the air." The harp, and other instruments, while being played, seemed to float around over our heads, and from them came the sweetest music in harmony with the principal. One clairvoyant said she saw the spirit with the harp. Sing-

ing from Sontag, with piano accompaniment, came next. The voice, clear and distinct from the instrument, seemed to rise to "high C" with the utmost ease, executing a trill of wonderful clearness and beauty. Her soprano, contrasted with that of La Blache in this duet, which, on his part, descended to the deep bass, and yet maintaining the wonderful power, seemed to us a performance absolutely beyond that of the natural human.

At last the famous Egyptian march was announced to come next. Here, again, description falls far short of the real. Sounds, like the tramp of solid battalions, with the roll of drums and the clash of battle lines—with the boom of artillery, and sometimes the roaring thunder-sounds rising above all, as from a battle in the distance—impressed the listeners with awe and admiration. The booming effect seemed to be produced at times from the strings of the piano being struck with heavy drum sticks. Never before have we heard anything that seemed so much like as if a blacksmith boy were in the back part of a piano with a hammer, trying to break it. Certainly, no mortal could have produced such sounds from those strings, without breaking them. With the close of this the end of the piano was raised several inches from the floor, and came down with a force that shook the building. We can not add to a description of this seance, so as to aid the mind of the reader in a comprehension of it, better than by quoting, from a private letter to a friend, from the pen of Professor Jacob Kraus, the eminent philologist and orientalist of Jerusalem, Palestine, who is regarded by scholars as the greatest authority in his special field of research. He is also a scientific musician, and knows whereof he speaks.

"12 BOND STREET, BOSTON, MASS., }
April 1, 1875. }

"DEAR SIR:—In answer to your letter, I would say that Mr. Jesse Shepard has lived with me this severe winter more than three weeks, during which time I have had sufficient opportunities of forming an idea of his peculiar musical talent. Not only is his Egyptian March, as you say, grand beyond description, but many others, such as Assyrian, Babylonian, Ancient Israelite, Indian, Persian, etc., are equally wonderful in the highest degree. He is the greatest living musician of his kind, and is called by some the 'musical wonder.' His musical talent is a fact, just like other facts; for example, like Shakespeare, Schiller, Homer, etc., so that we can say the nineteenth century has produced this peculiar musical wonder. It is the same law which has produced in Germany a Schiller and a Goethe, and in England a Shakespeare and Milton. How this law worked to effect such phenomena may be difficult to explain, and these phenomena themselves may not be conscious of it, or even not always know of it themselves. The 'Philosophus Teutonicus,' in his several works, explains very many things, if not all things; and reading his books may afford similar food as music affords, and may enlighten you in regard to other questions; therefore, enjoy true philosophy, and enjoy sublime music.

"I remain, yours truly, J. F. KRAUS."

If space would permit, we would write of Mr. Shepard, when, as a child and youth, he was on our streets. He went with other boys, but was not always of them and with them. He was peculiar, perhaps, at times, eccentric, and, like the Webster boy, apparently lazy, and other peculiarities having similar illustrious examples we might mention; but we note only one:

Professor Gilfillen, of this city, whose instant and sad death recently occurred, from falling while engaged in training vines on the front of his home, and who was principal of one of the schools that young Shepard attended often, said that "he could not teach him like other boys, because he would not study like other boys."

The musical part of the work of this medium is a revelation in itself. There are those who will not heed table tipping, spirit rapping, slate writing—who will not look at form materialization, nor listen to the still voice of inspiration—who are overtaken with convincing surprise while they sit and listen to the wondrous music given to mortal ears through Jesse Shepard. Notwithstanding their learning and culture, they return to his seances again and again, at last being constrained to say, "it must be true!"

MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS.

Youth's Companion: A young girl, beautiful and attractive, while engaged to be married to an honest, honorable gentleman a few years ago, became entangled in the toils of a scape-grace, who wished to marry her solely for her fortune. The girl was giddy and weak and unable to free herself.

"Why do you not go to your mother?" asked a friend. "It is she who should protect you from such a villain."

"Mother is at the head of two or three charitable organizations," was the reply. "She has too many foundlings and emigrants and ragged schools to care for to attend to my love affairs."

Her mother knew nothing of the matter until she broke her engagement and married the man whom she feared even before marriage, who treated her with cruelty and forced her to leave him in a year a broken hearted woman. Like too many American girls, she was left to choose her husband without the help or advice of any friend.

Now, it is right for a mother to take part in organized charities, and to care for foundlings, emigrants, or any other of God's needy creatures, provided she does not neglect those children whom He has put especially in her charge. The duty of a mother to her girls does not end when she has fed, clothed and educated them.

One of the most womanly women in the court of Queen Victoria, herself middle-aged, presented a friend to her aged mother, with the tender words: "She is not only my mother, but my most intimate friend."

How many of the girl readers claim their mothers as an intimate friend? It is usually the fault of the daughter if this loving comradeship does not exist.

Women can stand tight shoes, tight gloves, and tight waists, but they properly draw the line at tight husbands.—X

For Light in the West.

MEMORY.

BY GEORGE SPAULDING GREEN.

Memory, 'tis a backward look
O'er the pathway of the past,
Memory, 'tis our spirit book
Where dear images are cast.

Home and father, home and mother,
How we bring them up again;
Home and sister, home and brother—
A golden, pearl-strung chain.

Higher than the towering mountain;
Broader than the ocean wide;
Deeper than the deepest fountain,
Are Memory's jewels true and tried.

For Light in the West.

SPIRITUAL SPECULATIONS—REVIEW.

BY JOHN CUNINGHAM.

PART III.

Spirit Embodiment—Intuition.

Mr A. J. Davis affirms (in "Answers to Questions," page 55,) and Mr. Kiddle quotes, the following:

"Spirit without a body is not individualized. Spirit is the *impersonal* essence of the omnipresent Father and Mother. It is personalized and secreted from the universal ocean of divine principles by means of the forming and containing soul. Hence spirit cannot exist disembodied. It would be swallowed up, like a drop of water, in the common sea of infinite principles."

As I have shown, Mr. Davis has made an improper and confusing distinction between the accepted ordinary meanings of the English words *spirit* and *soul*; and he here means by *soul* the spiritual *body* (what Kardec calls *peri spirit* or spirit's material vestment, after it is *excarated*). By the "Mother" he means, as shown by his writings, the material universe or "Nature". By the "Father" he means the "Supreme Divine Mind" or God. Whether by *God* he means a *personal* or *impersonal* Essence, it is not needful just here to inquire; but what he here means by "spirit" is something primarily *impersonal*. But, by the way, it is to be inferred from his writings, that Man in his entirety, is an offspring from a male Divine Mind by a female material Existence! If true, it at least illustrates what Mind can do with Matter.

Mr. Davis, in his published works, has set forth an elaborate theory of a sort of universe of what he designates as *Ideas and Principles*; and he places or scales this sub-infinitude of elementaries between God, on one hand, and common or inanimate Matter, on the other. This intermediate section of the total Infinite, he treats as the active and re-active machinery of the universe. I have been compelled to present his theory in this *outlined* or

immed aspect, to enable the reader more readily to understand his method and purport in its exposition. But in my view, the universe, *inclusive of all*, is the existence and the action of Spirit and Matter, in correlation—this existence and action I can perceive and comprehend to some extent; beyond this much, I cannot now go, and must await progression. In the infinite ages, Mr. Davis and I may come to learn much. Yet he leaves us in a maze as to the natures and qualities of these "Ideas and Principles"—whether they be of the spiritual or material—and under their assumed system he classes, as factors, spirit as sublimated matter and even Love as a physical emotion, and Life as only a *natural* phenomenon. However, in later years, he came to regard spirit, in a relation, as "pure reason; intuition; God in the flesh." He did, also, ever admit that *God was immaterial*.

Esteeming, as I do, the *soul* to be also an *immaterial* and an ever living unchangeable intelligent entity, I must repudiate the assumption in the above extract, that it is a material *secretory* source of the personalizing of spirit. In the light of apparent facts, a human soul is a spirit in the *flesh*, and when so-called death occurs, it leaves the flesh; these facts furnish us the postulates: *incarnation* and *excaration*. These at various times have been seemingly assumed by Mr. Davis; and if, according to his formula of "The Human Constitution," spirit is "God in the flesh" and is "Intuition," why his assertion that "spirit cannot exist disembodied," specially as he means, *without physical embodiment*? On a theory of the universe that matter is an effect in it and not the cause of it, neither the idea nor fact of a physical embodiment is requisite to spirit—it being the divine originating and controlling self-existent power. And what other theory could the "pure reason" or the "intuition" of an intelligent being (spirit) form or hold? The idea or principle of an Omniscient, Omnipotent or "Omnipresent" paternal Individuality absolutely requires this theory. Yet Mr. Davis seems to have been beclouded by a notion that the "Supreme Divine Mind" was a sort of "Ocean"—and not a Personality. The *obsessing* influence to materialistic reasoning and comparisons bewildered him.

Spirit (humanized as an "immortal soul") is an *emanation* from God, who is commensurate with the universe; and by mere differentiation it becomes individualized. It is "personalized" in the preparation

for and process of incarnation or embodiment. As an eternal and divine essence, it was previously a something in being and sufficient in essence to itself (so I am impressed,) without or with a body. Every drop of "the common sea of infinite principles" exists, *sui generis*. Did Mr. Davis assume that a spirit had a material embodiment antecedent to incarnation? or, as he for a time assumed, did he mean that spirit was in itself "an indissoluble unity of the finest particles of matter"? And I am *inspired* to state here, that in the analogies of the dual universe of spirit and matter, spirit is as much a particled element of the spiritual domain as an atom or molecule is of the material. Spirit as an entity is the controlling power, and therefore not dependent on matter. As a mode of reasoning I ask: Cannot God exist without physical embodiment or can it be denied that HE IS SPIRIT? The duality of His *universes* requires correlation of its two entities; but neither of these entities requires what is called embodiment, one by or in the other or *vice versa*.

The difference between the theory expounded by Mr. A. J. Davis and that by myself, may be here outlined in some fundamental respects, by two extracts from my essay on "Spirit and Matter—Evolution and Progress:—"

(1) "A leading distinction between spirit and matter is that spirit is *personal* and matter is *impersonal*. It is the personal consciousness of spirit which is the *touchstone* or absolute test of the difference of *essence* between itself and matter—one knows itself, the other does not."

(2) . . . "Spirit and soul are identical as an entity.

"A spirit incarnated; its first *rational* [*pure reason*] consciousness is of or relates to its own nature or entity. By this is not meant, precisely, its original intuition of its existence; nor yet its idea of itself as a primordial intelligent essence or, rather, *personage*. These preceded its submergence into matter, and its constriction to active and mission work within its realm. Its primary realization of this new relative condition consists in an act of *reason*—a new spiritual or a *mental function* arising from or springing out of the *new organic* relation of soul and body. Hence the ever leading *human* consciousness as to oneself may properly be termed *rational*. But there is a *primitive consciousness* in spirit (not existent in matter,) apart from incarnation or matter which may be self-perceived as inherent, and may be termed *innate*, and which informs it what is its *essence* or its identity with the original self-existent Supreme Entity."

Thus divulges spirit, as to itself; and also, it is but fair induction from apparent conditions and from the inter-relations of fitting effect and cause; and this statement describes a process of *progression*; and, also,

it indicate what intuition is. It furnishes the meaning of "God in the flesh." Mr. Davis has defined, among other inconsistent definitions, spirit to be *intuition*; but he did not say in what respect. Its action must have been suspended in him when in his "superior condition," or he could never have affirmed that intuition (the divine in the flesh!) partook of the quality "of the finest particles of matter."

Spirit is never embodied; it is not in itself "a body"! Nor is its any material *vestment*, of its kind or essence. If this is not true, then it is but *dust*, and never was or became "a living soul."

It is well known that particles of matter can through chemical affinity be compounded, and into various forms and substances in embodiments of different natures and qualities; and yet that they can be resolved back into their original elements. And an "unspiritual" skeptic may ask: If a spirit must be embodied, why does it leave the human body? Or, if matter be *impenetrable*, how can there be a change in condition or place?

SPIRIT'S RELATION TO SPACE AND "MASS" OR MATTER.

Spirits do interpermeate matter. To say: "Spirit without a body is not individualized," is one proposition, and one founded on an unreliable assumption or theory; and to aver that: "Spirit cannot exist disembodied," is another proposition, and a preposterous one. Spirit infuses itself into matter and incites its evolving operations for some ultimate purpose; but it does not follow that matter in turn is infused into spirit, either to change or compound its *essence* or to procure for it a place in *space*. Space is infinite, and has sufficient room for both—as is incessantly demonstrated by facts without regard to speculations to the contrary. Mr. Kiddle quotes from Isaac Taylor: "Body 'is the necessary means of bringing mind 'into relationship with space and extension, and so giving it place. A disembodied spirit, or sheer mind, is *nowhere*. 'When we talk of absolute immateriality, 'and wish to withdraw mind altogether 'from matter, we must no longer allow 'ourselves to imagine that it is, or that 'it can be, in any place or that it has any 'kind of relationship to the visible and 'extended universe.'" Why not? All these assertions are predicated of the theory of *absolute materialism*, and of the supposed fact that the material mass, through *extension* and *impenetrability* (Kiddle), *absolutely fills space*, which is indefinite extension

in all directions! These are palpable *non-sequiturs*, and run into *reductio ad absurdum*. Under this theory, how can a *body* which fills its own space completely, make place for spirit, when spirit cannot for itself? The "body" has no *place* to spare, and the entity of spirit is of course totally excluded! Yet the theory by assuming embodiment (according to Mr. Taylor) assumes the existence of spirit in space. Or, if absolute Mass completely fills space (however infinite,) why talk of spirit and its intelligence at all. In either view, the materiality or immateriality of spirit is not involved nor dependent on space as such. The whole question becomes changed, and to this: Is Mass, spirit and intelligence? For, *spirit does exist*.

It is very well to address such an argument to Materialists, to those who can only conceive that *substance* must be *material*. To put an answer in a common shape, I ask: Could not God make an *immaterial* as well as a material substance, or in other words, *essence* or *entity*? Mr. Kiddle chides me for not pausing to define words; other people can look to their dictionaries as well as I; and I do not write for those who will not trouble themselves to look into one. Any thing that exists is substance—an entity or something in *being*; and mankind has long and widely recognized the thought and fact of an *immaterial* and *intellectual BEING*; and called it "spirit" or some corresponding name; and because such *being* has manifested its existence and demonstrated the quality of its essence.

Any good standard work on "Natural" or "Physical" Philosophy will inform Mr. Kiddle that no portion of matter nor mass in general, although it has *extension*, is either *impenetrable* or *incompressible*, as fact; and common experience demonstrates it is not. To assume it to be fact in the *abstract*, will not do. Perkins settled it in the *concrete* as to water, which although *penetrable*, was supposed to be *incompressible*. Spiritualism in its facts, and especially manifested in thousands of *seances*, shows that spirit has intellectual existence; that it is personalized; that it has power over matter and can fashion its particles into compound forms; that it readily and unobstructedly passes through matter without apparently disturbing its place; and that it can even pass matter through matter or transpose their places. Do either of the parties herein named propose to deny these facts? In short, spirit and matter *do* occupy space, whether

or not spirit be an immaterial or material essence. The *Divine plan* embraces and induces the harmony of their association and action!

The idea of a "necessary" body, precludes change. Mr. Taylor, in speaking of spirit "combining itself with matter, by means of a corporeal lodgment," perforce implies a hiatus, during which, however short, spirit is not embodied. What was its condition before lodgment?

SPACE AND MASS — THEIR RELATION.

What is space? What right has any one to assume that it is *something* or that it is not? May it not be a mere *imagination*, suggested by the fact that the mass of matter requires, and has what are called, length, breadth and depth or high—or an *ideal* measurement? Let us see. Length, breadth and thickness are *abstractions* or mathematical *ideas*; wherein is their *concreteness*? Not *they*, but mass, is the *concrete*. They constitute only *dimensions*; and dimensions are only fictitious or imagined measurements. Measurement of mass is a mere mathematical system, and instituted to meet the exigencies of our ideas or reasoning. An architect may have an edifice and its dimensions in his "mind's eye"; but it has as such neither existence nor space, apart from his *idea*, until it is put into concrete substance and shape.

When Zoellner found there were facts which could not be accounted for on the hypothesis of three *material* dimensions, he endeavored to *imagine*, and he presumed, a fourth. His "transcendental physics" or theory failed to embrace the truth that *dimensions were not physical facts in themselves*. And Slade had to illustrate to him that spiritual or *immaterial* facts had to account and did, in truth, account for the actual phenomena which Prof. Z. had really perceived. Therefore, whether space be dimension or dimension be space, it is not a *material something*. Space, then, must be idealistic or be spiritual. Has either a circle or its centre, length, breadth and thickness in any real condition? Then, what connection have dimensions or space with the question of the materiality or immateriality of spirit?—as Mr. Kiddle insists. Or, what has space to do with what is the substance or quality of either Mass or Spirit? Mass suggests, and only suggests, the conception or postulate of space. Mass *occupies*, by its own extension; but occupancy is not space—they imply different *ideas*. Space is similar to time; and time is no entity or something. It is a limited mode

of measuring a portion of eternity.

The spacial theory has led some writers to imagine and postulate a *centre* of the universe, and to suppose that, by positive and negative or polaric forces, all elements, whether physical or spiritual (sublimated material), were drawn or tethered to that centre. This is strictly materialistic and very visionary. A centre implies limits or outlines; the centres of any objects, such as articles or rooms, depend on their respective sizes and shapes, and are all apart as to their *locale*. The centre of one acre or of a box is not the centre of another; and its location within its limits is determined by its external figure. The centre of a circle is a point within it, at equal distances from every part of its circumference or limit. *What is without limit, is without centre.* If the universe is limitless, it is centerless; because any and all points (numberless) in it must be estimated as at equally infinite distances from the illimitably ultimating exterior, and one is as much central or not central as another to the universe! Thus or therefore there cannot be myriads of centres to the universe, nor *one*. What strange freaks illogical or baseless ideas display! A centre of the universe is not at all supposable (neither the earth nor the sun nor any star) unless we associate the idea with God. Nor, on the same reasoning, can we suppose that there is a *centre of gravitation* or physical attraction in the universe. All portions of it equally attract or are equally attracted; there is, therefore, an universal equilibrium; hence no universal *motion* in any given direction, however there may, *within*, be counter-currents of motion.

Charleston, S. C., Dec. 1886.

Queries: A young man was to speak to the toast, "The Ladies." He got the lines of Pope on vice mixed with those of Scott on woman, and delivered himself as follows: "I rise to say that I have no doubt but that I voice the sentiment of every gentleman here when I say, in the familiar lines:

'O woman, in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please;
But too oft seen, familiar with thy face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.'"

National Weekly: There is a speck of history connected with the origin of church pews that cannot help but prove interesting. In the early days of the Anglo-Saxons and some of the Norman churches, a stone bench afforded the only sitting accommodations for visitors or members. In the year 1319 they are spoken of as sitting on the ground, or in a sitting, or in a standing posture. At a latter period the people introduced low, three-legged stools, and they were placed in no uniform order in the church. Directly after the Norman conquest wooden seats came in fashion. In 1387 a decree was

issued that none should call any seat in the church his own except noblemen and patrons, each entering and holding the one he first found. From 1530 to 1549 seats were more appropriated, and a crowbar guarded the entrance, bearing the initials of the owner. It was in 1608 that galleries were first thought of. And as early as 1614 pews were arranged to afford comfort by being baized or cushioned, while the sides around were so high as to hide the occupants—a device of the Puritans to avoid being seen by the officer, who reported those who did not stand when the name of Jesus was mentioned.

For Light in the West.

THE ELIMINATION OF CHRISTIAN MYTHS.

BY MRS. M. L. MCGINDLEY.

Since the first dawn of the enlightenment of mankind every form of religious faith has been veiled and shrouded in dogmas based on what were denominated holy or sacred mysteries. The religious systems of the Egyptians were especially prolific with this combination of superstition, their devotees passing through a symbolic initiation which was complex, and in many respects tragic, some of the elements of which are still visible in our existing secret fraternities.

The Roman and Grecian mythologies partook largely of the Egyptian in this regard, the inner courts of their temples being sealed books to those who worshiped at their shrine, the mysterious proclamations of their oracles resulting from an interior, hidden priestcraft; while the Jewish oligarchy formulated their enunciations as to the Divine will and requirements within the interior courts of the temples, through which they held the masses under the fear and wrath of Jehovah, and thus maintaining what has always been claimed by the Christian clergy as a theocracy. The colossal organizations of the Christian faith were simply the outgrowth of the ancient religions.

The story of the immaculate conception resulting as it did from the general belief in that age that heroes and heroines were begotten by gods made it quite easy to cause a belief of that kind to be made general among the people; hence, the early teachers of Christianity were able without difficulty to instil in the minds of the Jews, Grecians and Romans the dogma or doctrine of the God paternity of Jesus, and to erect on that superstructure that unparalleled combination of priestly theories which fastened upon the world the various denominations of the Christian religion. A retrospective view will demonstrate the fact, that this system was not established and sustained even in that early age without difficulty; for the remnants of a grand civilization that had

existed at Athens, Rome and Alexandria furnished independent thinkers who publically questioned the truth of the remarkable claims of the early Christian fathers. Hence, Christianity had but a sickly existence until Constantine and his successors compelled obedience to its mandates by military power, through which obedience to the behests of the Church was secured. The priesthood, the allies of the tyrants, having destroyed almost the last vestage of ancient learning, thus sank the world into ignorance, and prepared the people for the reception of their illogical and unreasonable doctrines. All impartial thinkers have imputed to the Christian religion thus organized and perpetuated the phenomenal ignorance, degradation and despotism that existed during the dark ages, and they must admit that civilization dawned upon the world only when disintegration of the Church began, by that process of evolution which produced such independent rational thinkers as questioned the truth of the supernatural origin of the Christian faith, and demonstrated the fallacy of the holy origin of those myths which resulted in its dogmas.

A long line of gigantic frauds based upon the superstitions of the people, and interwoven in the very framework of governments cannot be eliminated from the minds of the masses, and successfully overthrown without a slow process of culture, and the toil of independent thinkers and patient reformers for many generations. The reformation, while it discarded many of the worst and most unreasonable dogmas of the Mother Church necessarily retained the basic theories of immaculate conception, atonement, a burning hell and the necessity of an unquestioned acceptance of these dogmas. It seems that it can be successfully proven that the various rival denominations are the fruits of that evolution which is leading up to independent thought; for each sect is gradually diverging in belief from what was considered the essential doctrine of the evangelical churches, thus bringing in their train the parent sects to a more rational conception of religious truth. It would be unfair to claim that the Catholic Church is not the recipient of the fruits of this evolution, for the careful observer cannot fail to see a slow but sure advancement in all departments of that great ecclesiastical organization. The Mother Church under the benign influence of modern civilization is being compelled to cast

aside her heritage of ancient superstition; while we note with pleasure such radical changes of formulated creeds among the Congregational and other denominations as are bringing them abreast of the current of advanced free thought which will surely lead them to the recognition of the truth of the Spiritual philosophy. It is needless to say that the demonstration of scientific truth must produce this result when every form of religion must be subjected to the crucible of human reason. The origin of species, the exclusive propagation of the human family, the boundlessness of the universe filled with rolling, peopled worlds, all under the rule of universal law must demonstrate to every rational individual the absurdity of what are termed *miracles* and the supernatural origin of the founder of Christianity; while the clear, unquestioned fact that punishment follows violation of moral and natural laws in a just degree precludes the belief in the atonement, as all persons thus answer and pay the penalty for every iniquity.

The belief in the individualized personality of the Governor of this endless universe will not much longer be accepted by any person in this enlightened age. This view is unworthy of the attributes of Deity, and has a direct tendency to dwarf the intellect. It is not for us to know whether worlds could have been peopled and governed other than by natural evolutionary development, which results in animal and human suffering; but we may well believe from spiritual things which we have obtained that there is a natural, compensating Power in the celestial universe which compensates for the suffering and hardships that have been experienced. It seems evident that the elimination of a belief in supernaturalism from the orthodox churches of the world must reestablish them upon a groundwork of usefulness which renders them an essential auxiliary in a progressive civilization. Nor is it unreasonable to expect that this revolution will be attained within an early period, when we contemplate the unparalleled advancement in every department of intellectual development that this generation has secured, for we can well aver that more practical and scientific knowledge has been secured by the race within the last thirty years than had been attained in all the ages of the past; while that universal march of genius is steadily moving on to certain conquest, thus storming the citadels of ancient superstition,

and under its genial guidance advancing the masses in an unprecedented ratio.

As in the ancient civilizations, and especially before their culmination and decline, the recognition of the fact that the spirits of a grand and heroic ancestry guided and controlled the movements of those who left monuments of literature and art to succeeding generations, so we may well know and truthfully proclaim that the evolutionary process above indicated, through which our advancement is secured is the fruits of the labor of that immense host of spirits whose silent but effective influence permeates every avenue of human enterprise, and lends inspiration to all those who labor for the elevation of mankind.

The laws of spiritual intercourse and control are so fine and subtle as to preclude any great and valuable control over the ignorant and undeveloped; hence, as we progress in morals and intellectual culture, spiritual aid will be extended in a greater degree. This will be seen in the fact that the heavenly messengers at the birth of our new philosophy could indicate their presence only by the tiny rap, since which time they have continuously exhibited higher degrees of manifestations in the almost numberless phases of mediumship,—especially materialization, independent slate-writing and clairvoyant power. Indeed, our opponents have almost ceased to use the weapon of ridicule, as our demonstrations of spirit power have in the last few years become so conclusive and astounding. We have reached the portico of rational religious thought, and in a few years at most we will safely walk the corridors, securely housed in the citadel. Our cause is a glorious one. Let us be true to our trust, and our reward is assured.

PEN PICTURE OF THE HEREAFTER.

[From "Sermons of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, of London," Second Series, Sermon XVII, page 275. Italics ours.]

There is a *real fire* in hell, as truly as you have now a real body—a *fire* exactly like that which we have on earth in every thing except this, that it will not consume, though it will torture you.

You have seen the asbestos lying in the fire red hot, but when you take it out it is unconsumed. So your body will be *prepared by God* in such a way that it will burn forever without being consumed: it will lie, not as you consider, in metaphorical fire, but in actual flame. Did our Saviour mean fictions when he said he would cast body and soul into hell? What should there be a pit for if there were no bodies? why fire, why chains, if there were to

be no bodies? Can fire touch the soul? can pits shut in spirit? can chains fetter souls? No; pits, and fire, and chains are for bodies, and bodies shall be there. Thou wilt sleep in the dust a little while. When thou diest, thy soul will be tormented alone—that will be a hell for it—but at the *day of judgment thy body will join thy soul*, and then thou wilt have twin hells; body and soul shall be together, each brim-full of pain, thy soul sweating in its inmost pore drops of blood, and *thy body*, from head to foot, suffused with agony; conscience, judgment, memory, all tortured; but more, thy head tormented with racking pains, thine eyes, starting from their sockets with sights of blood and woe; thine ears tormented with

"Sullen moans and hollow groans,
And shrieks of tortured ghosts."

Thine heart beating high with fever; thy pulse rattling at an enormous rate in agony; thy limbs cracking like the martyrs in the fire, and yet unburnt; thyself, put in a vessel of hot oil, pained, yet coming out undestroyed; all thy veins becoming a road for the hot feet of pain to travel on; every nerve a string on which the devil shall ever play his diabolical tune of Hell's Unutterable Lament; thy soul forever and ever aching, and thy body palpitating in unison with thy soul. . . . If God be true, and this Bible be true, what I have said is the truth, and you will find it one day to be so.

Tyndall, in "Fragments of Science": When I attempt to give the Power which I see manifested in the universe an objective form, personal or otherwise, it slips away from me, declining all intellectual manipulation. I dare not, save poetically, use the pronoun "He" regarding it; I dare not call it a "Mind;" I refuse to call it even a "Cause." Its mystery overshadows me; but it remains a mystery, while the objective frames which some of my neighbors try to make it fit seem to me to distort and desecrate it.

The deacon's wife wanted to jot down the text, and, leaning over to her scapegrace nephew, she whispered: "Have you got a card about you?" "You can't play in church!" was his solemn, reproving answer; and the good woman was so flustered that she forgot all about the text.

Cleveland Leader: The inquisition against the Andover 'heretics' has commenced. Must men accept their theology ready made by human conventions and under penalty of persecution, or shall they have the right to exercise their powers of reason and their consciences?

W. S. Gilbert is credited with a witty remark: "It is easy enough for Bishops to be good on salaries of £5,000 a year," said the satirical dramatist, looking round upon a circle of literary friends, "but *we* have to be good for nothing—(a pause)—and some of us are "

For Light in the West.

SPIRIT OF LIGHT.

BY DELAVAN DE VOE.

STANZA XIII.

Hail! new-born son of light, and monitor
Of God, chosen the heavens to explore,
And all the earth to teach the law of truth
And love in all its purity; mankind to save
From superstition, ignorance and sin—
Sin unto transgression of the laws divine
Decreed unto the world, the unfoldment
Thereof essential to the minds of men
Wherein the Spirit dwells.

Eighteen hundred years have fled
Since most divine this Light on earth appeared;
Yet new to-day, though o'er the time-worn past,
The shadows countless fall, the horizon to dim
Of his most loyal birth.

Condemn him not, nor swell the lay
Disputants raise against the new-born truth—
Truth untortuousness and love perpetual
In every pore through him diffused the light
Divine, o'er all the earth to spread, while mercy
Shone celestial A light unquenchable—
A beacon star, with glorious power, given
A luminous guide to all aspiring souls;
The angels at whose birth obeisance paid
In worship of the new-born Medium King.
Deep darkness fled and thro' the gates of Heaven
Elysian wisdom shines.

Seer and saint in silence dwelt
Conjoint in prayer, with hope eternal blessed.
Powers astringent fell; disasters fled,
While crimson marked the sky. The virgin's lamp
Was lit, and doctrines ancient overhauled
By priests and kings—into the vast depths
Of time they wallow'd, seeking for authority—
A record of another age and day
In which the Medium King should come.

Herod, the king, with power unresigned
Vaunting in avarice and pride, with hau'ty mien
In dread of wisdom's guide, ordained of God—
By ancient prophets warned,—to overthrow
Straightway he sent his wise men forth to search
The land to find the promised King,
Beneath the star of Bethlehem.

The new-born star appeared, as was foretold,
Guide and sign of heaven, the place denoting
Where in mortal form the spirit immortal lay.

The shepherds guarding their flocks
Great visions had, of spirits hovering 'round
Materializing in the open air.
No cabinet to demonstrate their power,
Other than the circling canopy of heaven.
Following the star's reflecting rays
In circles falling, onward the wise men trod—
'Twas heaven's usher to where in open manger
The Son of Light appeared.

Beholding the issue divine, in prayer
They knelt, their spirit guides directing,

And 'gainst the orders of the king
With message to return, now captivated
By the spirit of light, enlisted
And in new roles of peace departed hence
Into a distant land, the tyrant king
To shun and joyful news to spread.
While Joseph, acting as the spirit father
Of the spirit child and Medium guide
On earth, most worthily by counsel wise,
Knowing the king's decree, to Egypt fled.
Then into Nazareth went, the wife and child con-
There to unfold the ancient law [ducting,
Which, given in the ages past, set forth
The time and place wherein the Tree of Life
Should bloom.

The wise men not returning,
Their time of absence being overdue,
The wily king with rage and turbulent,
By the spirits of matter held to earth
And blinded by the spirits astral,
The crown defending, deaf to heaven's call,
With hate implacable he issued
The doomed decree, his slayers sending forth—
To death he put the children of the land,
There to unburied lie, the earth bestrewing
With skulls of babes and sucklings wrenched
In anger from the mothers' arms.

Iniquity and mammon ruled the earth
And desolation spread o'er all the land.
The spirits of light with arms outstretched,
Dispatched to earth with holy consolation—
Borne on the waves of light with love they came
All broken hearts to heal.

Directed by the Father of light the medium child
For a term of years seclusion sought;
Then in due time came forth a lustrous star.
At early age within the temple gorgeous
Inspired of God, amid high priests and kings,
Marvelous in power of speech he stood.
He taught the highest learned the law divine,
And yielding to his childlike form and voice
They bowed him reverence.

So spake the enemy of sin; to lure
Their thoughts astray dark spirits tried;
But he, unknown to them his exit made—
By guides was wafted to a spirit cone;
Hence many spheres exploring.
'Tween life and death he held the veil; his power
Yet no man knew, until again he came
In full materialized form, to break
The chains of evil and of death;
Offering to the world the key that opes
The portal of immortal life.
The spirit Divine through him—
In lustrous beauty shone: empyrean light,
Of God Most High the emblem, as sower
He scattered the seed of truth eternal,
Preaching and teaching wisdom, with the law
Of Heaven as guide.

This being his mission objective,
To rend the chains of darkness and enrol

The world of matter 'neath the armor of light,
Bowling to God's decree, and with the hosts
Of spirits as guides, the noxious hordes,
The luxurious priests and kings bedecked
In regal garb most rightly he condemned:
Threatening the church and crown combined—
Holding by despotic power mankind
In dread; claiming equality with God—
To aid those under yokes and burdens held
Grievous to bear; to break their bonds
His power like light'ning flashed into the depths
Of time, to ages yet unborn. [ing
The priests and kings his marvelous work behold—
A secret session called; feasting, they sought
Him to destroy,—inhuman foes to thus
Invoke the pangs of death on one
Whose light of life eternal love displayed,
All mankind to redeem. [fore,
Then brought they him the Roman Governor be-
And Pilate, after due examination said:
What evil hath he done—I see no wrong in him!
But the mob, by high priests led, still cried:
Away with him! Away with him!—
Whereat the Governor unable to resist, assented:
He washed his hands in token of his innocence,
And to the priests assembled said,
His blood be on your heads!

For him the daughters of Jerusalem
In sorrow wept; to them he mildly said:
Nay; weep not now, but for your children weep,
Who in future ages, when the world shall know
The object thus designed shall weep for me,
And for the many scourged, ere I return,
For doing the Master's will.

Then bore they him to Calvary's hill,
The cursed cross, emblem empyrean, erected—
In right angles formed, extremes to never meet,
The highest heaven reaching, and the lowest earth;
Of time a type, and fixed laws representing,—
Infinite lines that none but Deity can trace.
The hour arrived, and nailed thereto
The mortal form in seeming agony hung;
His spirit, yielding to the God of Light,
No mortal pain he felt;
Living in death, his spiritual eye
Scanning the darkness of their hearts
Forgave them; and unto the priests he said:
Ye know not what ye do.

'Then from the tomb did he arise,
And when in early dawn the Marys came,
And saw the stone displaced, that which was sealed
And over which a guard was placed;
The sepulchre wherein the body lay deserted;
The guard prostrate as dead upon the ground,
Much wonder they displayed.
His spirit then appeared, but said to them,
My form is not complete, so touch me not;
I must ascend, to build the temple strong.
Again, before the twelve, the doors fast locked,
To their astonished gaze he stood, and bearing
The olive branch of peace. The dou'ling Thomas,

By the medium of God's request, thrusting
 Into his side his hand withdrew his doubts,
 Vouched his return, in form materialized
 Like unto life ere bleeding on the cross he died.

Eighteen, the number symbolic,
 The years from birth ere he within the temple stood,
 And eighteen hundred years since his ascent
 Of his second coming typical seems,—
 When thro' the forms of man great spirit power
 To-day is manifest: e'en those who run may read
 And the visions of light behold, that spirits
 Through mankind are now unfolding.
 Incorporate with nature is the law;
 The burning pride of man to quench,
 And render soluble the brazen gods of Mammon,
 The ultimate would seem of all the souls,
 Enlightened, spiritual and from the spheres
 Of light returning and inspiring man
 With LOVE DIVINE.

For Light in the West.

THE HOLIDAYS.

Like all other holidays, Christmas is kept in a variety of ways. The word holiday has become very much corrupted, and with the masses it too often means a day of feasting and—debauchery. That holidays are good in their place, if properly and sensibly kept, there can be no doubt; but the great majority of people run to an extreme either on one side or the other, in keeping them.

For a parent to drive his family off a long distance to church, that they may listen to a long winded sermon, as the writer was compelled to when young, is enough to sour the disposition of any one, but between this and the other extreme, that of spending the day in revelry, there is a happy medium, a middle course avoiding the pitfalls on both sides, but which unhappily has few followers.

To think, to reason, is a God-given gift, yet how few act up to it. How few there are who in the matter of the observance and enjoyment of a holiday, think and decide for themselves how it should be spent. Surely it is not by drinking and carousing, or gorging the stomach with an enormous amount of rich and indigestible food. Surely it is not in spending much of the time in listening to the description of an angry God and a fiery torment He is said to have prepared for those who cannot receive or believe all the dogmas of this, that or the other church, many of which are not only inconsistent, but an-

tagonistic to each other. These are only stumbling-blocks in the way to eternal happiness, and have no place in the beneficent and unalterable design of the Creator for His creature Man.

Holidays if properly, sensibly kept are as an oasis in the desert of the toilsome life of the workingman, be he working with his hands or his brain. The way for such a person to keep his holidays is to do that which will give him a change physically and mentally from his daily occupation. If he is kept in doors during the week, let him on Sunday, (for Sunday was instituted as a day of rest, or a holiday), take his family out into the parks or if possible into the woods and green fields in summer, and hear the voice of God in Nature, in the carol of the birds, the murmuring stream and the sighing winds, all proclaiming the love of God for all created things. But if he cannot get there, let him make home as cheerful as possible for all who are in it. Don't cramp, hedge in and destroy the buoyancy of childhood and youth. Give the young all the scope possible within the bounds of decorum and reason. Teach your children by precept and example to aspire to high and noble thoughts and actions, and you will have erected in your own home a "temple to the living God," where the angels will love to come and commune with you, if you will only open the door of your heart to receive them. By doing this, you will make holidays a blessing rather than a curse—a source of improvement and pleasure instead of a training school for recklessness and often for vice and crime.

Let us come to a proper understanding as to what our relations are to God and our fellowmen. Let us weigh these in the light of reason and intelligence and not in the false light of the dark ages, when the earth was supposed to be the only planet created, and that God stood ready to pounce down upon His poor, ignorant creature, man, the work of His own hand for any little disobedience of some arbitrary and meaningless law. But let us learn that God's ways are perfect and unchangeable; that He makes no mistakes; that man is safe in His hands; that God is stronger than the Devil (if there be any) and man combined; that God's purposes are for man's good, and will be carried out, as against all the powers of darkness, which is ignorance and nothing more nor less. Then we will know that our whole duty to God is to do right and fear not;

that belief, or unbelief is all the same to God; that ignorance is the root of all evil, and that when man knows more he will do better and be better. The subject naturally leads to the venerable Christmas ghost,

SANTA CLAUS.

We shall never forget the zest with which we hailed the holidays, when a child, and how important a personage "Santa Claus" was in our estimation. How we used to belabor our sainted mother with all sorts of questions,—how he looked; if he were like the pictures they made of him; if he came down the chimney as reported; if he would bring us such and such things, and if she would send him word what we wanted. The answer to all these questions would be: If you are a good boy he will no doubt bring you something, but if you are not you will not likely get anything.

Therefore, it is unnecessary to say that we were on good behavior for weeks before Christmas; and many were the threats thrown out by our mother, when we were the least unruly. We were assured that Santa Claus was taking cognizance of all such direlections. When Christmas did come, with what misgivings did we hang up our stockings, fearing that in the hurry of the distribution, and the number of the children to be remembered, we might be forgotten; or worse than all, in our vain efforts to be good we might have done something that would displease Santa Claus, and he might give us the "go by" in consequence. But what was our delight the next morning to find that "dear old Santa Claus" had not only remembered us, but had brought us the very things we wished for. And again and again did we ask how "Santy" knew it.

We can well remember, too, as we grew into boyhood, how disappointed we were when we were made aware of the fact that "dear old Santa" was a myth, that our own dear mother was the personification of the ideal benefactor of our childhood.

So, one after another of the illusions of childhood and maturer years pass away, and we are apt to think that nothing does or can take their place. Although "Santa Claus" as a personality may be a myth, he is a representative of many other influences who can and do come, though all unseen, to do us good—not, perhaps, in the way of childish toys or the more costly gew-gaws of maturer years, but by imparting to us things that do not "perish with the using."

And these pure and exalted spirits, glowing with the light of God's love and ever ready to shower down upon us the truth and the way that leads to everlasting happiness, are worth more than any treasures of earth. Santa Claus is not all a myth; he is the embodiment of a noble, generous soul which quietly, almost stealthily, gives without even waiting for thanks, and without thought of reward. In the spirit world to do good is the aim and object of all, and if those of earth life would only give heed to the still, small voice of the spirit, they would live happier and purer lives here, and would hereafter find a habitation prepared for them eternal in the heavens. B

AN EXPLANATION.

To the Editor of *Light in the West*:

"Vituperation"! Yes, thus properly, does your vigorous South Carolina contributor, of December 4th, designate some of the criticism and hostility evoked against Mr. Kiddle in 1879, by his publication of "Spiritual Communications," etc.: but Andrew Jackson Davis, whose name your correspondent mentions, was not one of the vituperators. Yet the report of an interview with him in the *New York World* of May 10th, 1879, might have conveyed something of such an impression to its readers. If so, it was because of mistakes. Some time ago, conversing with Mr. Davis on this matter he assured me that he had been misrepresented in the *New York World*; that what he did say was, that he "considered Mr. Kiddle's conclusions as to Lord Byron's spirit, founded upon insufficient evidence, and that the effect of his book would prove a disadvantage to himself (Mr. Kiddle) in his recognized public capacity as superintendent of the public schools." In the hope that this explanation (brief and late though it be) may scotch the old-time slanderous report, though it may not kill it, I am yours fraternally,

A. E. G.

Hyde Park, Mass., December 22, 1886.

AN ENJOYABLE MEETING

OMRO, WIS., Dec. 15th 1886.—The quarterly meeting of the Wisconsin State Association of Spiritualists just held in this place was a very pleasant, social and instructive one. Representative Spiritualists from Milwaukee, Sheboygan Falls, Stevens Point, Ripon, Milton Junction, Livingston and other towns were present. Questions of importance were discussed at conference. The speaking by John L. Potter, of Wonewoc, and

C. W. Cook, of Neenah, Wis., was exceptionally good, and in accord with the progress of the age. The singing by Misses Cora and Vinnie Phillips was highly pleasing. Prof. Lockwood presided with his usual dignity and suavity; he is universally liked by the members of the organization. There is no flagging or lack of interest while he occupies the chair. The following lines were given through C. W. Cook the night the meeting closed:

"Little deeds of kindness,"
Little gems of thought,
Given in our blindness
From the angels brought—

Bid us each remember,
Through the coming day,
Made this bleak December
Like the flowery May.

And the future ages
As they come and go,
From mem'ry's choicest pages,
Can never blot, we know,

The joys and truths we've garnered,
At this meeting here,
From this interblending,
Of earth with spirit sphere.

And now as duty leads us
To part and homeward go,
May joy and truth still feed us,
As we journey here below.

And in all the great forever,
As sure as right is right,
Though distance may us sever,
The spirit will unite.

DR. J. C. PHILLIPS, Sec'y.

A STORY OF GENERAL GARFIELD.

Washington correspondent of the *New York World*: I heard a new story about Gen. Garfield the other day which has never appeared in any of his published biographies. He was a mystic to a certain extent. He had superstitions, and in conversation with his friends said he had strange gifts of foresight. His maternal grandfather was the brother of the celebrated Unitarian minister Hosea Ballou. This grandfather had the gift of second sight. His predictions are matters of family history handed down by descendants of the Garfields and Ballous. Two of Garfield's sisters are said to be mediums of more than ordinary power. Gen. Garfield himself was a believer in spiritual communications. The authority for this is Mrs. A. G. Riddle, the wife of the District-Attorney here. Mr. Riddle was one of Gen. Garfield's most intimate friends. Gen. Garfield began the study of law in Mr. Riddle's office. Mr. Riddle was his chosen biographer in the Presidential campaign of 1880. Mr. Riddle is a lawyer of high standing in Washington, who has been employed as a Special Assistant Attorney-General in a number of prominent cases. Gen. Garfield was a frequent caller at the house of the Riddles. He has told both Mr. and Mrs. Riddle that one day his father appeared to him when he was a very small boy. The story is interesting merely because Gen. Garfield told it and believed it, as there is nothing in the outline of the story as given by him to make any particular appeal to one's credulity. Gen. Garfield's father died just before the son was two years old. Yet for a long time Gen. Garfield says he retained a distinct and lively recollection of his father. One day about six months after his father's death, as others fix the time, the boy, as Gen. Garfield many times related in after life, was at play alone near the cabin when his father came up to him smiling, and in his then well-remembered way and ordi-

nary dress spoke to him cheerily, called him "My son" or "my child" and laid his hand endearingly on his head. The child, in his eager joy at his father's return, ran into the house, calling his mother in his piping, loud, childish tones to come out, saying "Father has come back!" The boy immediately turned back to where he had left, as he had supposed, his father the instant before, only to find vacancy and silence. At not finding him he was utterly overcome, and cried with the abandon of a heart-broken child. His mother has often related the incident, what he said and did on this occasion. Mr. Riddle, in closing the little account he gave me of this story the other day, said: "I have heard the General relate the incident, the memory of which was as fresh and as real to him as any well-remembered incident of his life."

IN CHURCH.

"Life is short!" the preacher cried

From his pulpit up on high

Jameson heard, and softly sighed:

"True! ah, true! And so am I."

"Life is real!" the preacher said,

Jameson nodded. Vain regrets

Bowed in retrospect his head,

"So," he sighed, "are all my debts.

"Life is earnest!" next he heard,

Cold sweat oozed through all his pores,

"Yes," he whispered, "that's the word,

So are all my creditors."—*Somerville Jour*

A MISSIONARY IN BURMAH.

Boston Transcript:—A missionary, writing from Burmah, says he sleeps every night with a pistol under his head, and he never ventures into the Sabbath school without a revolver in his hip pocket. He says it is very funny when the superintendent gives out the hymn "Come, ye sinners," when one reflects that he has his weapon ready in case they should come too suddenly.

Mr. Winks—I wish, Mrs. Winks, you would read this article on the duties of a wife.

Mrs. Winks—I haven't time to read now. What does it say?

"Well, it says, for one thing, that it is the duty of a wife to cultivate assimilation, and so far as possible, have the same tastes as her husband."

"I never thought of that."

"I suppose not."

"No, but if you'll bring a bottle of whisky home with you, I'll try. And say, don't forget to bring me a latch key, and some poker chips, and some fine 'two-for' cigars, and ———" Human nature could stand no more, and the front door closed with a bang.

Astronomers tell us, in their own simple, intelligent way, that the gradual lengthening of the days is due to the "obliquity of the ecliptic of the terrestrial horizon." This ought to set at rest the foolish idea that the days are longer because the sun rises earlier and sets later.

He took "two fingers" before he went,

To brace his nerves a bit;

On hunting woodcock was he bent,

And hunted away with grit:

But the liquor muddled his whirling brain,

As liquor will often do;

And the gun went off in a moment,

And it took two fingers, too! —X.

Transcribed for Light in the West.

INSPIRATIONAL.

THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MRS. YEATMAN-SMITH.

OCTOBER 24, 1885.—RHYMNS FOR THE BIRTH-DAY OF AN AGED PERSON:—

The wheel of time in ceaseless round,
Again has measured out the bound
By which we count the little span
Of conscious life bestowed on man.

The early years, the tears, the joys,
The laugh unfeigned, the sports, the toys,
All quickly pass, nor leave a trace
To mark the path of childhood's race.

But soon the tasks of school we find,
To usher in the youthful mind
To trains of thought both strange and new,
Showing the path it should pursue.

Those scenes and lessons e'en when past,
Oblivion o'er them ne'er will cast
Her dreary pall of sombre gloom,
For mem'ry lightens up the room—

And oft in after life the name
Of many a schoolmate brings the same
Remembrance and reflections back to mind—
'Tis then that we begin to know mankind.

Now entering on the cares of life,
The struggling soul midst woes and strife
Looks fearful 'round, lest some mischance
Should block the way to its advance.

For, through all life the soul aspires
To raise itself above the fires
Of lurid ignorance and woe,
That baffle oft the soul below.

The race is run, the goal's in sight;
The spirit, by the wings of love
Supported, waits to take its flight,
To rest in mansions far above
All earth's mistakes and feeble light,
And join the universal choir,
Forever rising higher, higher.

JANUARY 30, 1886.—The thoughts will give a few expressions on the anxiety of mankind to gain a knowledge of the future:—

The wish to peep into futurity seems engraven in the very nature of man. Ancient history gives proofs of this in describing the foretelling of events as being made a part of their religious duties; and the belief in the power of the priesthood to foretell by oracles, by sacrifices, by auguries, placed it in the power of that class to blind and deceive the ignorant with false and puerile teachings. But as men emerge from the obscurity of ignorance, still the uncertainty of the future of earth events leads many to a superstitious observance of omens, and they will consult fortune tellers, astrologers, business mediums, etc., to ascertain beforehand what will be the result of movements

whether public or private. And it matters little how many are deceived; the hits are remembered, the misses are ignored or forgotten and some fresh movement is started. Again the result is awaited, and appeals are made to those who are supposed to know all things present, past or future.

It is a great mistake to think that earthly affairs so occupy the thoughts of spirits removed from that lower sphere as to make it their study how the changes inaugurated by mortals will progress. Slowly, slowly, mankind are endeavoring to elevate themselves, and it seems probable that the elevation of woman may help to secure this end. This idea arises from the consideration that the nature of woman should be refined, gentle, persuasive, and by these powers she may humanize mankind, teaching harmony, truthfulness and mercy. But when we consider the imperfections of human characters, we are led to see many difficulties to be overcome; and as such changes disturb society, it takes time and experience to construct a new order of affairs. Perhaps at the close of the next hundred years the looked for changes will have been completed, and the equilibrium of society be regained. There is no doubt that eventually women will gain their rights; but they will lose many privileges now granted to them as the weaker sex. The band that controls these communications makes no pretence to foretelling future earthly events, but reasoning from the past we have a basis for what may be the future. The only object with us, is to induce mankind individually to so train the thoughts and order the actions, as to prepare a happy future for themselves when earth and all its concerns shall have faded from their sight.

DECEMBER 5, 1885.—The band will consider Woman in her spiritual nature:—

Woman, by reason of her more delicate organization, should naturally be protected by man when the physical powers are to be called into action; and because of this dependence (?) she has been considered the inferior of her brother. But as man gradually emerges from the savage state, and as his spiritual nature becomes more and more developed, he will be enabled to perceive the spiritual nature of woman. True nobility in any man will cause him to acknowledge this; but such is the tyranny of custom, that in these days of enlightenment there are those who consider the female inferior to

the male. But with the higher civilization now dawning, women are found capable of understanding abstruse studies, and their powers of reasoning are as clear as those of man. We speak now of those who *think*—there are in both sexes, thoughtless, frivolous triflers, whose chief concern is for the requirements of the present, and the gratification of the wants—real or fancied—of the physical body.

Now, let us consider the employments natural to the sex; and here motherhood stands pre-eminently first. From the instant that life start into existence, the disposition, habits and vicious or virtuous propensities of the mother are impressed on the embryotic form. The mother is the first to instill ideas when the child is developing as an immortal being, and what those ideas will be must depend on her spiritual development. Here is seen the necessity of superior training for women. If the human race is to be elevated they must be the first teachers; their responsibilities are equal to the highest known; to them is entrusted the physical, moral and intellectual training of immortal beings. Who shall consider them inferior! No thoughtful man will, we are sure. Indeed a man's character may be almost fairly understood by his estimate of woman; one who respects his mother, sisters, wife, will rarely be found among the dissolute. Woman is worthy of the highest respect so long as she fulfills the duties incumbent on her and respects herself. In spirit life woman and man are equal in every respect; for when the physical body is dropped, the thoughts take the form of the spiritual nature as developed in earth life. A friend will control the pencil:—

MY DEAR FRIEND: I wish to write a few words on the subject of this communication; it was often considered by me when in earth life. I thought woman should be equally educated with man in intellectual studies; then she would better retain her influence over her children as they advanced in knowledge. It is too often the case that the parents are despised by the children because their "book knowledge" is inferior, forgetting that good common sense and experience are far superior to all the attainments acquired in a scholastic education. My thoughts in this respect are not changed. Elevate woman and mankind will be benefited; for if woman is true to what should be her nature, purity, truth and charity will prevail. Farewell. M. J. L.

Reported for Light in the West.

ADVERSITY.

Impromptu poem given by Ouina through her medium, "Water Lily," (Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond), at the close of the morning discourse, Sunday, December 5th, the subject being suggested by one in the audience.

The germ, from out the chalice of the flower
Where it sparkles 'neath the sea of gold
Is placed within the earth; its dower
Within the darkness, death and mold
Seemingly is hidden from the sight
Forever; out of day's blest light.

Patience, behold the light appears,
In the small shoot of tender green,
And, after all the hopes and fears,
Anon the chalice of light is seen.

The little bird within the nest
Is held by prison walls at first,
And knows not of the wondrous quest;
When, at the last its wings shall burst
The binding barriers and go free,
Singing its song triumphantly.

Out in the winter's night the oak
Makes fearful groaning in the storm,
Yet not a twig is often broke.
The bark grows rough to keep life warm,
And the strong current underneath
Prepares the way for the living sheath.

Until at last the tree has 'risen
Strong in its power and strength and might,
Preserving life through the wintry prison
In leafy banners of delight.

So thou, O Soul, must learn to know
That the life thus planted near the sod
Must grow as the lily's green doth grow
And whiten 'neath sorrow, to God.

You tread the earth and you complain,
Which makes your trials hard to bear;
God knoweth it is but through pain
You grow to heights where angels are.

And thus, amid the storm and death
And sorrow of this lower state,
You learn to breathe the higher breath
And learn at last beyond all hate;
And shadow-gleams upon the earth
The wonder of the heavenly birth.

SPIRITUALISM; THE LIGHT AND THE DARKNESS.—GIVEN EXPRESSLY FOR THIS PAPER BY THE GUIDES OF MRS. RICHMOND, THROUGH THEIR MEDIUM:

This is an age of materiality. By a rare and beautiful antithesis, which never fails in the spiritual any more than in the mortal world, it is also an age of spirituality.

There never was a period in human history when all material forces were so active, so preponderant as now; and there never was a period when the spiritual forces of this earth (and its spiritual states beyond) were as active.

All science is pressing forward to culmination. The astronomer finds new acquisitions daily to his methods for discovering the planets and resolving the far-off

nebulae with moving and well organized systems.

The chemist is daily proving in his all solving crucible that substance in its organic state is but a term, and the students of all physical sciences are more and more tracing their various lines of thought and investigation to the great primal cause; which to them is "the realm of the unknowable."

Even in the department of inventions, or discoveries that relate to the mechanical arts, gigantic strides are being made toward results long ago predicted by the spirit world through their instruments (media) and dreamed of by the prophets of science.

The steam engine of Watt is the accepted motor power of the world. The inventions of Edison have revolutionized the artificial light of the world; the telephone and phonograph the transmission and perpetuation of thought by sound. The solar engine of Ericsson will supersede steam and redeem the arid deserts of the earth; the air ship will take the place of the wonderful palaces propelled by steam that float upon the sea.

In the realm of metaphysical thought and transcendental philosophy the world may be said to have plunged at one bound from the schools of the perplexing and intricate problems of Kant and Hegel into the labyrinth of materialism or the dull and rapid negations of the agnostics, whose only watchword seems to be, "I do not know," or "I consider it unthinkable." The ethics of the world is an endeavor to solve the depressing questions of human misery and moral wrong by the methods of social science associations, and schools for discussing heredity; while the practical good that is being wrought in the world by the desire to improve the condition of the suffering, often fails from lack of support.

But there are stupendous benefactions—institutions for providing for the moral wants of the poor and unfortunate. At the base, however, of all this splendid superstructure—as well as at its dome—all is dark. The theological foundation being wrong, all is wrong. There can be no adequate moral, or social solvent unless the center of life is properly placed, unless the basis is plain and clear, unless the whole fabric of being is strong and secure.

The uncertainty thrown over man's spiritual nature and destiny by the contending factions of Theology and Materialism; the lack of proper data—amount

ing to knowledge—among the different religious bodies, upon which to make certain to mortals the evidence of future life, and above all the difficulties surrounding the "plan of salvation," and on the other side the veil of depressing doubt thrown over the whole subject by the advocates of ultra Materialism and the denials of the Agnostics,—these had caused an ebb-tide in the moral and spiritual forces that govern the world.

Modern Spiritualism came in answer to the world's great need; it was not an accidental discovery, nor a casual incident thrown by chance into human history. The terrible blindness of the spiritual conceptions of mankind; the darkness into which the world was plunged; the lack of power among leaders and teachers to guide the world aright; the bare and dreary wastes of the sands of annihilation meeting the gaze after a voyage over charming intellectual seas; the dread alternative of Hades as the possible escape from annihilation, and the still more terrible (because exclusive) Heaven into which only the few might pass, while the loved ones were left to perish; these, confronting the spirit of man at every turn; crossing his threshold with the dread messenger Death; meeting him in the hour of danger and adversity, and staring at him with mocking eyes in the midst of his joys, could not but turn every hope into doubt, every promise into uncertainty, every joy into sorrow, every weakness into an intolerable galling chain.

By the gradual yet cumulative light of Spiritualism all is changed.

Into the night (*nox and chaos* were the primal progenitors of matter) of material life the light of spiritual being was suddenly turned. Matter ceased to be primal, became secondary to spirit; for this light revealed the *eternity of spirit*.

Into the negations and denials of Materialism the light of Spiritualism poured the whole line of evidence—facts, (palpable to every sense), mental proof, (palpable to every intelligence), identity, (palpable to each individual friend),—ethical and moral evidence revealed by the exact state of spirits, who had ceased to inhabit material forms and still were identified; conscious, affectionate, moral and spiritual beings. Into the night of human error was poured the light of progress and hope for all; into the troublesome and discouraging tenets of theology, the light of the absolute immortality of every soul, and the gradual victory over all material

things, over all mortal weakness; into the night and vortex of human crime and hatred and revenge, the all-redeeming power of love and the equal opportunity for all in the kingdom of eternity.

The grave robbed of its terror; death no longer a brooding, dark winged monster, but an angel of light; the spiritual realm brought close to the mortal dwellings, to the lives and hearts of those who are still plodding on wearily, or struggling bravely below,—what other light, seen through the mists and darkness of time has wrought such wonder in the world in so short a space of time? And yet its full glory is only hinted at. As the dawn compared to the day; as a prelude to a symphony; as the tiny shoot to the full grown plant blooming and fruitful; as the child to the man,—such is the light of Spiritualism to-day compared with the future.

A few, only, among the children of earth, have caught the first notes of this wondrous anthem and listen for more: a few, only, chosen as its instruments for manifesting this presence or teaching this truth, or convinced by the evidence brought to the fireside and the sanctuary, are ready to avow the truth.

Yet these are days of rapid culmination—as said before—and when the dawn is here, day is not far distant. In the far north the winter morning is slow to come. The gray of dawn, the slowly increasing light require hours and hours of preparation before the sun appears. And then the day is scarcely day. But in the tropics you see a red gleam in the sky and prepare for a long walk to see the sun rise—ere you reach the door it is already day.

The tropic dawn of the new day is here; ere you make ready to enjoy the sunrise it has arisen. The glory is upon you; the messengers, swiftfooted are at your gates. The light illumines the darkness; the prisoner is released from his chains of fear and doubt; and ignorance, blindness, prejudice, bigotry, intolerance, can no longer obscure the light. The angels of Truth and Love and Charity and Peace are here. Spiritualism illumines the world.

There's an old yarn about a haughty peer of England's realm who had married. The dignity of his position was such that it did not occur to him that there was anything he ought not to have if he wanted it. Large estates called him lord, and hundreds of tenantry, and, like many other haughty old peers, he did not want to let them go to his relations. He wanted an heir.

A child was born unto the haughty union, and he waited anxiously for the result.

"Well, doctor, what is it? What is it? It is a boy; a boy—of course."

"No, my lord; it's a girl."

"Tut, tut; you must be mistaken."

"No, my lord; it is a girl."

"A girl! Bless me! Bless me! I thought my wife was fully informed of my wishes in this respect."

[Transcribed for Light in the West.]

HARMONY.

BY MRS. CONANT, THROUGH MRS. S. C. SCOVELL.

Harmony is the song of the angels; their voices mingle in unison, and the theme makes music throughout the spheres. Men and women are prone to the opposite—prone to let the small, vexatious things belonging to earth's existence enter into and surround their lives to that extent, that inharmony is the result. Within herself, Nature is harmony. The green of the grass contrasts pleasantly with the dark soil from which it springs. The blue of the sky only takes to itself a softer hue, in comparison with the fleecy white clouds floating so lazily along. The brilliant sunset we so often witness, is an added glory to the evening's close, harmonizing, as it does, with the dying day. As the full glare of the sunlight fades away, the twilight's harmony of sound begins. First, the twitter of the many birds, seeking their homes after the day's busy hunt and song; the full burst of melody ending in a drowsy chirp, as the last ray of the sunlight sinks behind the floating clouds of the golden-belted horizon.

Through the evening's quiet we can feel the angel's presence; aye, the rustle of their bright garments, as they pass by us on their different missions for the good of the children of earth. The sounds are borne to our ears through the harmonious stillness that surrounds us. The waves of old ocean beat with a rhythmic swell against the pebbled shore, and even when the tempest lashes its bosom into foam, the grandeur of the sight, the mighty volumes of sound, is the harmony of the elements, as the waves rise and fall responsive to the command of their mighty agitator—the wind. Man gazes, fascinated by the wonders of nature's harmony.

When we visit the glades and vast swamps of the Sunny South land, we find their depths filled with strange animals. Here it is that the Africans, in times past, sought shelter from the gaunt

and cruel blood-hounds and their masters, with still less kindness in their hearts than the dumb animals taught to hunt man to his death. Yet the strange animals, with the hunted Africans, are in harmony with their surroundings. Visit the icy confines of Greenland, Iceland, Labrador and Newfoundland; here you find the natives in complete harmony with their environments. Go where you will, you find man in harmony with his native place; but gradually he drifts out of this, and by his desires for adventure and farther knowledge of the world, other countries and other people, he slips away from his native place, and in time comes into inharmonious conditions. Then commences his own inharmony. Why? Because he does not strive to fit himself to his new life; he tries to bring his new country and inhabitants to his ideas of living, instead of adapting himself to theirs. Men are brought together from the antipodes, as it were, and each one holds to the one idea of the superiority of their country and its inhabitants over their present dwelling-place. Thus, man becomes inharmonic with his surroundings, through his own fault, and by his desire to force his own ideas, and peculiar ways and manners on the people of another country than his own native home. When we speak of the inhabitants of the lowlands or marshes of the South, we unconsciously picture a low, brutal type of man. Why? Because its dense darkness and general gloomy appearance imbues us with the thought of crime and gloom, its fastnesses the hiding-place of all that is evil. Yet here we find the glorious scarlet trumpet-flower in all its beauty; the vine climbing in native luxuriance, is an oasis in the desert of night. Does it seem out of place? Not at all; it is just the needed tinge of brilliancy to lighten up the darkness. The beauty of the scarlet bloom receives additional brightness from its dark background.

We find man the only animal that produces inharmony, from the fact that he is the only one endowed with sufficient reasoning powers to always know right from wrong. To him we look for an adjustment of all difficulties, through the power he possesses to regulate his passions and desires; but here we witness inharmony in all its phases. Human kind, endowed with wisdom to rule their own natures, become small enough

to waste precious hours in bandying words about the mere whiffs of life—things that are not worth one golden thought of man's mind. Harmony is the proof of love; if we love our neighbors as we should, there will be no time for this fault finding spirit; we will be too busy trying to do good to yield our thoughts captive to the censuring of others. Let each be a law unto himself, and a guard over his own actions and words; then will we understand the necessity of harmony with all. The perfect law of Liberty is one we cannot transgress without interfering with our fellow-mortals.

We must give to all due deference in their peculiar views; thus perfect harmony is produced. Let harmony abide with us as the angel of light to guide us through life's trials, and when this is done the perfect law of nature's harmony will be fulfilled. When we study the laws of nature we see the perfect harmony in the distribution of animal life and, of all other life. It is necessary for the general information of the world that man, and other organic life, should migrate from their native homes,—and if in migrating they will carry with them love in their hearts for their new homes and their surroundings, how much better for their comfort and the pleasure of those which are in their natural elements! Animals in distributing themselves and being distributed over the earth's surface are not always responsible for this condition, they are led by wind and tide; while man is the arbitrator of his own destiny to a great extent. He can remain or depart as reason dictates; therefore, we judge man as perfectly capable of causing his own condition of harmony, or the opposite, as the case may be.

Is there such a condition as perfect harmony? we hear some one ask. Yes; and if you do not attain to that, it is your own fault; for even with inharmonious surroundings you can render yourself positive to them. And if in the midst of a battle you can produce a quiet within yourself. It is a hard lesson to learn, and one to the fulfillment of which some persons never arrive; but there are some who do,—some who are as oil on the water, whose very presence calms the preturbed minds of others.

Resolve to be one of that class, and harmony will rule the world. The love-

ly colors of the sea shall fade imperceptibly, as it were, into the white of its foundation; thus should our presence blend with that of others,—quiet and firm in our intentions to make the best of this life, that the next may be all the brighter. When trials come, meet them bravely and do not let them make you so unhappy that you become inharmonious to your associates; rather let them be the fire that refines, proving your power to stand up nobly and face the crosses of life, claiming them as your crown in the soul land.

Harmony! the name is replete with the murmuring music of the sea, the waves of whose coming we hear in the distance before they reach the shining strand. The angels sing to us of the harmony of the spheres, and we cannot but believe what each day proves a truth; love reigns, and where there is love, harmony is a natural result. Strive, then, in the distribution of your lives and abiding places to carry love as the golden anchor that shall control your actions at all times. Then will perfect harmony be instilled and all be the better for the trial.

For Light in the West.

MINISTERS OF THE CHURCH.

BY JOHN WETTERBEE.

Ministers (that is the clerical fraternity), as a whole, are a very timid set; of course there are exceptions, but I am speaking of them as a class. They were proverbially pro-slavery in ante-bellum days. They proved by the Bible that slavery was a Divine institution and the whole anti-slavery movement had no countenance or aid from the pulpit. I have no time to argue the point; I state a fact. Slavery is abolished. The fanatics, or prime movers in that agitation, have proved that nothing is so successful as success; the pulpit-denounced movement is now the fashion. One can now hardly find a minister old enough to be quoted, who is not an abolitionist, and always was one; and some who treated that cause contemptuously, now credit themselves with strong alliance with it. Ministers are a conspicuous feature of the "bread and butter" brigade.

History repeats itself. The ministers' calling almost rests on a future life; without it they are all "fifth wheels"—a superfluity. They have no proof of a future life, and, as a class, they turn a deaf ear to any that is offered. They

realize, *en masse*, that in this age, as the Rabbi Schindler said in his discourse last evening, "Nothing can stand that is not supported by facts;" and yet they turn their backs on the facts that are offered, because, like the anti-slavery movement, it started outside of the Church, just as Christianity did. Intelligence from "over the river," which the Spiritualists have, is all that will save the Bible and the Church, and the ministers of the Bible and the Church do not see it. When, like the anti-slavery movement, it becomes a recognized success and fashion, they will all claim heaven-born Spiritualism as their child—the progeny of the Church; and they will all have assurance enough to say that they always believed in it. I would rather call the class timid than hypocritical, but I would not miss many if I said hypocrites in this connection. Why? Because they belong to the "bread and butter" brigade, and prefer popularity to unfashionable truth.

Now, I am aware there are many ministers of high standing who have had evidence of our truth; they enjoy it privately, allow its sentiments to color their preaching; use its consoling influence at funerals, and some, at heart, would be infidels, or, at best, agnostics, but for our facts. They love fat salaries and high positions in society rather than alliance with unpopular truth and "short rations." I do not know that I blame them; I do not know but that I have made a mistake myself, in hoisting up the Spiritual flag; I am very sure I would now have something of a sinking fund instead of an empty pocket if I had been silent; but my wisdom came too late.

Now, let us consider the ministerial class as they appear to-day; the wide chasm between them and the laity that once existed has so narrowed itself, that there is hardly any distinction between them. You can hardly tell, on the score of intelligence and culture, where the clergymen leave off and the laity begin. It seems to me that, considering the position they once held as we remember them half a century ago, and traditionally still further back, they are "lost arts" as Divine institutions—a little lower than the angels—God's messengers to their fellow-men.

Ministers are generally scholarly, and men of culture. Intellectually they hold their own; but on that point the laity

also are more cultured, and in the department of knowledge, the pews to-day often fully match the pulpit. The trend of humanity has been in the direction of culture and intelligence, and has gained on the cloth; hence the narrowness of the chasm between them. The high peaks of theology are not so prominent a feature as they were in olden times; but it is due to the rise of the general level, the valleys, plains and foothills of human life; so that the once high peaks remind one of many of the objects in city life. Let me make my point clearer by an illustration: Take the Old State House, the venerable building that stands at the head of State street, in this city. There is the steeple in its center, pointing a little way skyward, like a modest church spire. Once it could be conspicuously seen above the buildings that covered the eastern part of the city; but look at it now; all the buildings in its vicinity overtop it. The Equitable Building, the Rialto, the Merchants' Bank, Rogers' & Sears' Buildings, and many others, have shot up beyond it, and look down on it—not contemptuously, for “the world, the flesh and the devil” appreciate sentiment, or pretend to. The physical aspect of that old building is a dwarf by the side of the more elevated blossoms of commerce; but, in a sentimental or ideal point of view, the ancient is the taller institution. This seems to be the situation of the Church—the world has run on ahead of it. Theodore Parker, a somewhat outlawed minister, said in his day that they had lost their ancient influence; here are his words: “Priests have had their day, and in dull corners still aim to protract their favorite and most ancient night; but the sun has risen with healing on his wings.”

An incident occurs to me which I may relate for its point. When a lad I used to listen to an ancient ancestress who was born in 1750, and who, in her youth, had sat and listened to one who was born in 1675. She told me, fully believing in its truth, that a well-dressed young man, of affable manners, came into a tailor's shop on Cambridge street, and after selecting his cloth, was measured for a suit of clothes. This must have happened nearly two hundred years ago, when Harvard College itself was young, and the tailor thought his customer was, or might be one of its students. The suit was to be ready on a certain day, and

the young man was to call for it at a certain hour; but in going out of the shop, the tailor got sight of the end of a tail that had got unloosened and thus exposed, and he knew then that the customer was the *devil*. The tailor was very much scared, but he made the garments—he was afraid to do otherwise. The dangerous time drew near when the “Evil One” was to call for them, which would fix the tailor's fate, giving the old song a personal application—

“And the devil put his paw
On the little tail-
With his broadcloth under his” arm.

The tailor sent for his minister, told him the circumstances, and the worthy divine said he would be on hand and take care of the visitor. When the proper time came, Bible in hand, he and the tailor waited for the caudled customer, who came at the appointed time. The minister took the bundle and handed it to the customer, who, in taking it looked angrily at the “little tailor,” and said, as he departed: “If it had not been for that crooked stick,” pointing to the clergyman, “I would have had you.”

The devil in those days, it seems, had no place for a minister or holy man, as such were called. Of course, his “sable majesty” is a myth to-day, but that old legend will answer for a pointer; for, suppose there were a devil who “went about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he might devour,” as we have been told, who would feel any safer for finishing such a transaction under the protection of a minister? This traditional incident is, of course, apocryphal, but it will convey an idea of the then and now, and show how the gap between the pew and the pulpit has narrowed, or closed, within a century or two.

Spiritualism is a religious movement; like Christianity it sprouted outside of the Church. It has illuminated everything; sacred and profane history has had its light thrown on them. It is the master-key that unlocks and explains more mysteries than any other key in the possession of mankind. It has rationalized the Bible; it converted its fables and some of its miracles into facts. Spiritualism is in no sense modern, for the spirit-world always had close connection and mysterious communication with this. To all thoughtful Spiritualists, this philosophy has reproduced the fore-world, with the angels of God as factors in all its affairs. One of these days

those priests that Theodore Parker says have had their day will no longer be able to “protract their most ancient night,” for our light, already shining into their churches, will brighten them still more, and the “stone that the builders rejected” will have become the head of the corner. Many a church edifice will become a Spiritual temple, and then this theological regiment of the “bread and butter” brigade will, to a man, declare that they were always believers in man's survival of death, and that, as spirits, they walked the earth unseen, and at times communicated intelligently with the sons and daughters of men.

Well, we can only say, “better late than never.” In the meantime they should be modest, and, living as they do, in glass houses, they should not throw stones.

Boston, Mass.

Written expressly for Light in the West.

DISCIPLINE.

A Christmas Story in Six Chapters.

BY JESSIE WANNALL LEE.

CHAPTER V.

“For by their fruits ye know them.”

Spencer Garton's heroism on the night of the fire had caused a revulsion of feeling in Weston. Mr. Blote had called the next day, and with tears thanked him warmly and gratefully.

“I have not treated you well, Garton, I acknowledge; I humbly ask your forgiveness,” he had said. “Your unselfish disregard of personal safety, in rescuing from death the child of a man who has done you great injustice, makes me ashamed. I feel that I can never repay you;” and Mr. Blote wrung his hand warmly.

“I do not ask your gratitude, and you owe me no thanks, my dear sir,” replied Garton; “I simply did my duty, and am heartily glad that I was the instrument in saving an object dear to you.”

“But you risked your life, Garton, and for me and mine—I, the man who has deeply wronged you!”

“That makes no difference, Mr. Blote. My religion teaches me to do as I would be done by. ‘If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him to drink,’ and I might add, if his house takes fire, help him to save it,” replied Spencer, pleasantly.

“I don't understand that kind of religion, Garton, and I am the last man you should have befriended,” returned the persistent Mr. Blote.

“Mr. Blote, if you failed to do your

duty, that is no reason why I should fail in mine; two wrongs never make a right. The obligation to do good whenever we can remains. Do not feel indebted to me in the least; I assure you it gives me great pleasure to think that I could help you;" and Garton frankly offered his hand, which Mr. Blote grasped heartily.

"You see, Garton, I might as well make a clean breast of it, I will feel better; I not only was unjust to you myself, but was the cause of others being so. I also feel that all your struggles and misfortunes are due to me, and on my soul I am sorry, Garton, humbly sorry, and beg you again to forgive me."

"Say no more, my dear sir; I forgive you from my heart. I am glad that you can see how unjust you were. But I pledge you my word I bear you no ill-will, and am heartily sorry for your loss."

"Oh, never mind that loss! What is the loss of a few thousand trashy dollars to the loss of one's self-respect? I've been an old idiot, Garton—a confounded old idiot; and you must come back to the office, or I shall feel that you have not forgiven me!"

"I thank you kindly; but you see I have not changed my opinions—I am still a Spiritualist! I might still injure the firm," laughed Spencer, good naturedly.

"Oh, hang the firm, and hang me for an old driveller, Garton!" The man's voice was earnest and truthful. "If to be a Spiritualist is to be like you, then I want to be one. There, now!"

"God bless you, Mr. Blote, replied Spencer, with feeling. "I never doubted but you would see your way some day, and I have only done, as well as I could, what Spiritualism has taught me. Now that Lillian is safe and uninjured, and you will be my friend instead of my enemy, I am happy; for 'to err is human, but to forgive is divine.' And while in the flesh and human, we will err and commit many faults."

"Well, say again that you have forgiven me—it does me good; and come up to the office when you get over this ugly sprain, and we will talk about this religion, philosophy, or whatever it is that teaches men to do good in return for evil. By the way, how is your shoulder?"

"The doctor says it is an ugly sprain, but I hope it is not so bad. It pains me considerably sometimes, and my hand is quite useless."

"Well, take a good rest, and don't worry about ways and means. I hope the fire that burnt up my house has burnt out my selfish old fossil of a heart! It has been worth that much to me, blamed old fool. And, Garton, you're to have nothing to do with the doctor's bill; that's my affair, and you musn't meddle. Lillian wishes to come out to-morrow to see you; she says she hasn't thanked you yet."

"Tell the dear child there is no need; that the grateful glance of her sweet blue eyes was thanks enough, and I'm glad to have been of service to her."

"Well, good-bye, Garton, I hope to see you again very soon. I might as well add this to my confession, that we have not gone on well without you, and you must come back, and on a double salary, too. Good-bye!"

"Poor Mr. Blote, how sorry I am for him, and yet I honor him for his frankness, Kate," said Spencer to his wife. "May the angels guide him out of darkness into light."

* * * * *

In a luxuriously furnished apartment of the ——— Hotel in San Francisco, California, two gentlemen were sitting in earnest conversation. Both were fine looking men, well preserved, about sixty years of age, and apparently in perfect health. One would not suppose that either of them had an uncertain tenure upon life, and that, at any moment, he might be summoned on that voyage whither we are all bound. But it was true, and Ralph Garton had called in his physician for a serious consultation.

"I do not say that there is immediate danger, mind; but I do say that it would be well to set your house in order, and settle up your affairs. You would not like to find, when you get over there, that something had been left undone, but was past being remedied. Besides, we don't want to be burdened with material cares in the summer land."

"No, indeed, I haven't cared to burden myself with them here; but there are some matters that I must attend to at once, if you think there is any danger. But really, I had no idea that there was anything seriously the matter with my heart, though it has troubled me more than usual lately; otherwise I have enjoyed pretty good health."

"Well, as I said, there is no immediate danger," replied Dr. Lisle; "but I think it best for you to know that the

change is inevitable, and, even at the longest, would not give you many years to live. The transition called death is not such a bugbear to you, I know, that I should mince matters; and you had better clear your mind of all care and anxiety, and quietly bide your time. But I do earnestly hope that you may be spared to us a long time yet; I should regret your leaving me alone, dear old friend," said Dr. Lisle, with feeling, "and I should miss you more than I can express."

The two men sat in silence, musing. Each was thinking of the strong bond of sympathy which had united them for so many years.

Both were true and sincere Spiritualists, and had found in each other's companionship that perfect harmony which makes the friendship of Spiritualists closer, and unlike any other. But they had no foolish fears, no perplexing uncertainty in regard to the future. Each held himself in readiness for that final state of transition that opens upon a broader and more complete life. There was a faith founded upon the rock of Truth. They could say of a verity, "I know."

Doctor Lisle took his departure, and Ralph Garton sat in silent communion with his own thoughts.

"Let me see," he mused. "The only relative that I know of is a cousin—a Spencer Garton, who was but a lad when I was last in New Hampshire. He must be about thirty now. Dear, dear, how time flies! Now, the question is, what kind of a fellow has he grown up to be? If he is like all the Gartons that I have known, he should be a cousin to be proud of. Strange, how I have had Spencer in my thoughts the past two months. I am strongly impressed to hunt him up—why shouldn't I? I must leave my money to some one, and I'd rather leave it to one of my own blood than to strangers. Yes, I think I will hunt up my cousin Spencer, and make him a visit; and now that I have made the resolution I feel better. I think my impression comes from spirit influence, and, God bless them, I will not disregard their wishes if I know it!"

CHAPTER VI.

"For our light affliction, which is for the moment, worketh for us more and more exceedingly an eternal weight of glory."

Three years had elapsed since Spencer Garton left the employ of Blote & Co.—

three years of harassing care and wasting anxiety—in which silver threads had been woven into the brown masses of his hair, and deep lines graven on his brow. But the dauntless spirit of old still looked from the kindly eyes, and the strong, brave face bore the refining stamp of spiritual grace and beauty. As he grew older his trust in his heavenly guides was strengthened, for he felt that the discipline they had laid upon him had brought him to a higher spiritual unfoldment, and had purified him, as gold is refined by fire. And Kate had proved herself worthy of him. She had accepted her lot with a sweet resignation and self-abnegation beautiful to see. Her first care had ever been for Spencer. He was worthy of the best love a woman could give, and she was proud of him—proud of the strength and courage that bore him so bravely through all their difficulties and disappointments—proud of the dignity that lent a softened grace to his bearing, and proved a shield invulnerable to the sarcasm and inuendoes that recoiled from him pointless and harmless. She was proud of the superiority that rose above the vulgar slings and arrows of ignorance and prejudice, and could look down upon them with a sad disdain and pity.

Kate still kept up her innocent little fiction of having an abundance of everything. She polished over her shabby furniture, patched and darned the worn garments with loving fingers, and shed many a silent tear over the threadbare places in Spencer's best coat. "Precious old thing," she would tell herself, "if ever the day comes when Spencer can buy a new coat and things, I mean to put these away sacredly, as sanctification garments; for if ever there was a human angel, it's Spencer."

"To-morrow is Christmas eve, darling," said Kate, as she slipped her hand under his lame shoulder, and nestled close beside him; "and I feel that something pleasant is going to happen. My heart is as light as a bird's, and I am all trembling with happy anticipation. I believe I am going to get that new black silk for a Christmas present; hadn't you better add a seal skin cloak," and Kate looked up roguishly.

"Foolish little wife! As if you didn't look sweeter and prettier in that simple print, with your snowy collar and glistening hair;" and he kissed the shining curls that clustered around her face.

"And ye shall walk in silk attire,
And siller hae to spare."

Sang Kate, as she danced away from him to tie on her gingham apron, and prepare supper.

"Poor girl," sighed Spencer, "I wish I could make her a queen! How brave and noble she is; and why should I ever murmur, when the treasure of her faithful, loyal heart is mine, my bonnie Kate!"

For if Spencer did murmur, it was for her sake, and not his own; and it hurt him to see her tolling day after day, with never a shadow upon her sunny face, nor an impatient word upon her lips. And as he sat there in the twilight silence, he heard the sweet low whisper: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant. The end is near, and great is thy reward."

* * * * *

Again it was Christmas eve—a crisp, clear, glorious night, with myriads of stars glistening in the frosty blue, and sending their tiny rays into the very hearts of the ice crystals that hung sparkling from the barren trees, and fringed the overhanging roofs and gables of Weston. Merry voices floated out upon the air, and the chiming clock in the old church steeple rang out the quarters, and mingled with the musical echo of sleigh bells bounding along the glistening roads, that echoed back the metallic ring of flying hoofs, in a mad, merry race.

The shops displayed their brilliant wares to the crowds of expectant children who pressed eager faces against the window panes, shading their eyes from the dazzling gas jets that flooded the streets with mellow light.

A boy stood gazing thoughtfully at the long rows of delicious looking turkeys in the butcher's window—turkeys large and small, plump and lean, with paper fringes around their throats, and bunches of cool, green celery reposing on their breasts.

"Well, my little man, are you choosing your Christmas turkey?" sounded a pleasant voice in his ear, as the owner, a cheery-looking old gentleman muffled in furs, looked down into his face. "Are you buying your Christmas presents to-night?"

"Oh, yes, sir; I've bought all but the turkey, and I was trying to make up my mind which was the fattest and most tenderest."

"Well, perhaps I can help you to de-

cide; let us go in and see."

"Oh, no, sir; I'm buying 'em in my mind!"

"In your mind? Why, what a queer boy; what do you mean?" And the gentleman looked at him curiously.

"Why, you see, sir, it does me almost as much good to buy 'em that way as if I had the money; I've bought lots o' things that way to-night."

"Oh, you have?" laughed the gentleman. "Then you have no trouble to carry them home; and pray, what have you bought?"

"Well, you see, there's a gentleman what's been awful good to us children, though he's awful poor hisself; and as I think there's nothin' too good for him and missus, and as he's got a lame shoulder what was most broke a savin' Mr. Blote's little girl from the fire—an' it's mighty hard for him to get any rest, I bought him a chair, one of them foldin' things you can hist up and let down—mighty comfortable, I should think," replied the boy.

"Well, now, that was kind and thoughtful, indeed! And what did you buy the missus?"

"Oh, I bought her a elegant dress, with velvet things down the front; and such a cloak! all fur and soft—just like this," laying his hand on the gentleman's sable cuff.

"That was sensible. Now, do you think she will like the dress and cloak?"

"Oh, she's bound to like 'em; and they cost a heap o' money, too!"

"No doubt! You must be quite a millionaire—in your mind," said the gentleman, much amused.

"Why, as long as I'm buying them that way, I might as well pick out the best."

"Certainly, the best is always the cheapest. Well, what else did you buy?"

"Oh, I bought some shoes and stockins' for the children at home, and some candy to put in 'em; for, you see, it's awful disappointin' for the little ones to wake up and not find nothin' in their stockin's Christmas morning!"

"Indeed, it must be! And pray, how old are you?" inquired the gentleman.

"I'm thirteen next May, and I'm the oldest of them all," he answered, with pride.

"You are a queer boy, as I said, and a good one, I'll be bound. And what may your name be, my son?"

"Harper—Joel Harper; you see, I

was named after my grandfather."

"Yes, I see. Now, Joel, for whom did you want the turkey?" pursued the old gentleman, more and more interested in his chance acquaintance. "And what did you buy for yourself?"

"Oh, I didn't buy nothin' for myself yet; but I would like to have a knife I seen in a winder over there, with four blades—it was a awful nice one!"

"Perhaps Santa Claus will send it to you; suppose you wait and see!"

"Oh, Santa Claus never comes to our house; we're too poor!"

"No? That's not kind in Santa Claus; I must see about that. But you didn't tell me about the turkey."

"Why, you see, the turkey is for Mrs. Garton, too. She—"

"Whom did you say?"

"Mrs. Garton."

"And is it Mrs. Garton's husband who has the lame shoulder?"

"Yes, sir; he got it hurted at the fire."

"Do you know his first name, my boy," inquired the gentleman, excitedly.

"Yes, sir, it's Spencer—Spencer Garton, and he lives way back in Weston."

"Why, bless my soul, boy, do you know that you are an angel? I am looking for this very Spencer Garton, and only arrived here to-night. Bless my soul; now, what do you think; my name is Garton too, and I am his cousin."

The boy stared in bewilderment, and made no reply. The gentleman continued:

"Do you mean to tell me that Spencer Garton, my cousin, is too poor to buy a Christmas turkey?" demanded the gentleman, sharply.

"It's not my fault, I'm sure I'd buy it if I could; for he's been awful good to me," retorted Joel, in an injured tone.

"I'm not blaming you, you foolish boy; I'm only shocked at the idea of a Garton's inability to buy a Christmas turkey. God bless my soul—and to think I never knew it! But come; we are losing time," added the gentleman hurriedly. "And we have a great deal to do; for you must help me."

"Help you?"

"Yes, don't you see? I'm going to play Santa Claus, and you must go with me to show me the way. Hurry along, now, and don't stop to look in the windows." And Ralph Garton started off with rapid strides to to put his suddenly conceived plan in execution.

Joel looked on in utter amazement, as

his new friend went into a dry goods store, and bought the very dress and cloak selected by Joel, never thinking whether they would fit or not. Then to the furniture warerooms for the invalid chair; thence to the confectioner's; next to the grocer's, and lastly to the butcher's, where the finest turkey was bought, smothered in celery, and flanked right and left by the choicest oysters. And, as he insisted upon carrying all the bundles himself, (except the chair, which he ordered to be sent immediately), he looked like a veritable Santa Claus indeed when he knocked at the door of Spencer Garton's dwelling.

Joel was stationed outside, to remain until called for. Kate, in response to the resounding knock, opened the door, and Ralph Garton stumbled in, loaded down with parcels, and convulsed with inward laughter.

"Oh, Spencer; do look here!" cried Kate, as she ran back and pulled her husband into the room. "My dream is realized, and here is Santa Claus."

"Have I the honor of addressing Mr. Spencer Garton and Mrs. Spencer Garton?" asked Santa Claus, dropping his bundles on the floor. "I believe I am not mistaken. No! you are the fool-hardy young man who is in the habit of snatching young people from the jaws of death, and getting a sprained shoulder for your pains, I understand. And you, madam, are the soft-hearted woman who runs around in the snow, putting shoes and stockings on little frozen feet, catching your death, no doubt, while doing it! And here is the unsophisticated young person" (going to the door and beckoning Joel) "to whom I am indebted for the valuable information that enabled me to find you out in your nefarious practices!" And Santa Claus threw himself back and laughed heartily.

Spencer and Kate had not spoken a word; they were dumb with astonishment.

"But now," said Ralph Garton, doffing his hat, and bowing deferentially. "You will pardon an old man this little frolic on Christmas eve, and permit me to introduce myself in due form. Spencer, my dear boy, I am Ralph Garton, your cousin, late of San Francisco, California, and delighted to make your acquaintance. Give me a cousin's welcome, and forgive this little escapade."

It needed no second invitation to do that, and Ralph soon found himself at home with his new-found relations, who vied with each other in kind and affectionate attentions to the guest who was no stranger.

After the first shock of joyful surprise, and when Kate had ecstatically admired

her dress and seal skin cloak, and had made Spencer try his new chair, which had arrived promptly, and had given Joel a hearty kiss and embrace, and tucked him in a warm corner by the fire-side, the two cousins sat by the cheerful grate, recalling long vanished scenes of the past and discussing plans for the future; while Kate, with her lovely face aglow with happiness, flitted like a sun-beam back and forth, on hospitable thoughts intent.

After the morrow Ralph would return to California, and settle his affairs without delay. Spencer and Kate must be his heirs, he said. He had an hundred thousand dollars to leave them, and he believed they would use it wisely and nobly, for the greatest good to themselves and humanity.

Joel was not forgotten; he received the coveted knife for a Christmas present, and a handsome suit of clothes besides. And when Spencer recounted the noble heroism of the little fellow on the memorable night of the fire, the touching story brought tears to the kind eyes of Ralph Garton, who said such heroism should be rewarded, so Joel received a beautiful silver watch.

The Harper children had cause to bless the generous benefactors whose ever ready hands scattered blessings and bounties wherever poverty and distress appealed to their sympathies; and no one rejoiced more heartily in Spencer's good fortune than his former employer Swelton Blote. The fire had proved a blessing in disguise; for it burnt away the barriers in his spiritual path, and purged his soul from the dross of sordid selfishness. He remained Spencer's firm and faithful friend, and took Joel Harper under his guardianship—sent him to school, and finally gave him employment in the office of Blote & Co., where he remained, until step by step, he rose to a position of trust and usefulness.

When Mr. Blote at last avowed himself a Spiritualist, under the pure and beautiful teachings of that faith, he said: "But for Garton, I should never have realized the utter worthlessness of my profession and practice. A tree is known by its fruit; and, as in Garton's case, the fruit was good; I thought I'd like to get a purchase on the tree, and now I am proud to call myself a Spiritualist."

There was but one shadow upon the joy and peace that had come to Spencer and Kate Garton—the shadow of an impending sorrow. For Ralph had told them of the coming parting, when his earth life would be ended, and he should join the innumerable throng—the invisible witnesses that encompass us about. There was no fear, no doubt—only the peaceful serenity that comes with the consciousness of a life well spent in the service of God and humanity—a life blossoming with kindly deeds—golden sheaves to be gathered by the Heavenly

Reapers, in God's own harvest time. With happy, grateful hearts and tearful thanksgiving, that little household band poured out their prayers to the loving Father, who had sent his angels to guide them through the thorny paths of trial and discipline. And a great peace enfolded them, as they watched and prayed through the solemn hours, until the dawn's rosy heralds flashed their banners in the eastern sky; while over all brooded the wondrous spell of the holy Christmas tide, and to their listening ears was borne the echo of those joyful tidings that have rung down the centuries since first they were proclaimed by angels on Judean hills—

"PEACE ON EARTH, AND GOOD WILL TO MEN."

A "COCOANUT PI."

(Baked for Light in the West.)

'Twas the night before Christmas, and all thro' the house,
Not a creature was stirring, not" — ting-a-ling — a-ling.

Note.—It seems I Cannot Sing the Old Song.

A New York paper says that several rich dudes of that city have bound themselves by a solemn vow not to wear overcoats this winter. We expect to hear next that a number of well dowered dudines, in a fit of economy, have sworn by the Holy Guming Chew to wear but one blanket on their poodles.

A CHESTNUT "TURN-OVER."

The "funny man" we do detest

'Tis—paeq jeh no pueas ot psh ehs I

Who aims at us his ancient jest—

'moehos it jeh psh ehs moek eW

A joke(?) so aged, stale and hoary—

—paeq spaeas ehs psh ehs psh ehs

The same old weary, dreary story

guthfart ehs uel bet we'll eW

Of how we curious daughters of Eve,

It she gets the least kind of a how.

(Though this latter fact we deeply grieve)

But you bet she'll find it out somehow.

Must stand on our heads a point to find

It's ehs ehs ehs ehs ehs ehs ehs ehs ehs ehs

In these comical(?) lines from the "funny man's" mind.

It there's anything ehs ehs ehs ehs ehs ehs ehs ehs ehs ehs

Webster tells us that an Agnostic is "one who professes ignorance." Just so; and if we all told the truth, Agnosticism might claim for its own about nine-tenths of the human family.

The *Chicago Mail* wickedly asserts that the New York papers are for sale in Canada so that "he who runs may read." If this be true we have at last found one point of resemblance between the New York press and Holy Writ. (See HABUKAH II: 2.)

WEDDING BELLS.

"Hear the mellow wedding bells,—Golden bells."

SKEPPER—PHILLIPS Married, Dec. 22nd, 1886, at the residence of the bride's parents, by Geo. B. Elliot, Esq., Joseph P. Skepper of Omaha, Neb., to Miss

Cora P. Phillips, eldest daughter of Dr. J. C. Phillips, secretary of the State Association of Spiritualists, of Omro, Wisconsin. Immediately after the ceremony the newly wedded pair left for Omaha, their future home.

MRS. SCOVELL AT ODESSA.

To the Editor of *Light in the West*:

Knowing that you are the friend of every good worker, it gives me pleasure to write you that Mrs. Sallie C. Scovell appeared on the platform at this place on the nights of December 17th and 18th, and gave us a fine talk from her guides each night. She is a lady in every respect, and wins the highest respect of all who meet her. Her mediumistic gifts are varied. In a trance condition, when there is nothing to disturb her, she is remarkably good; I think better with the sitters' friends than with her usual control. With me she was absolutely correct, as the tests were such that I knew and could not be mistaken. Her psychometric readings when undisturbed were as nearly perfect as they could well be, and as good at her public exhibitions as the most of Maud E. Lord's efforts in Kansas City this fall.

The subject of Mrs. Scovell's first lecture was, "The Different Phases of Mediumship; the lessons they teach, and their importance to society." The second subject was, "The Mission of Christ." We have heard dozens of sermons from preachers on that subject, but none who handled it with such ability, common sense and biblical truth and harmony as did her guides.

This medium should certainly be brought more fully before the public than she is. Odessa is barren of good Spiritualists in great numbers, and they are poor; but their brains and hearts are in the cause of enlightenment, and breaking down and sinking out of sight the barbarous dogmas that blight the blooming flowers of society as soon as they begin to open. Thinking you might want to hear from this lady's work while here, I send you this. Fraternally,

D. REDDINGTON.

Odessa, Mo., December, 1886.

OBITUARY.

Passed into spirit life, Monday November 36th, Annie E., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Lewis Sprigfield, Massachusetts.

Miss Lewis was a young lady of rare loveliness, a talented pianist, and one who was held

in high esteem by a large circle of friends. She had been ill for six months, and last summer she and her mother crossed the sea in the vain hope that the change might restore her to health. Consumption, however, had claimed her, and since her return she has slowly but surely declined. The funeral took place Thursday, December 2nd, and was largely attended, Rev. John Cotton Brooks officiated, and the music was rendered by a select quartet under the leadership of Mr. K. Arthur Dearden. Miss Lewis' pet horse Gracie, with her phaeton, in which she had taken so many pleasant drives, brought up the rear of the funeral procession. The casket was of exquisite workmanship, being made of Spanish cedar and lined with English white plush. C. D. Blake of Boston had inscribed his new Tally-Ho march to Miss Lewis; and only a few days before her death C. P. Longley of the same city wrote to obtain permission to dedicate to her his new song to appear, "Only a Thin Veil Between Us." The permission was readily granted, but it is a sad fact that Miss Lewis, although so fond of music and herself a fine musician, did not hear either of these pieces inscribed to her, before she passed away.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis are known as prominent Spiritualists, and supported by their faith they may say from the depths of their bereaved hearts, "not dead, but gone before."

A DESERVED TESTIMONIAL.

A MARVELOUS CURE BY DR. A. B. DOBSON, ACROSS THE RIVER IN ILLINOIS.

HANOVER, ILLINOIS.

DR. A. B. DOBSON: One of the greatest cures has been performed by you in my family that medicine ever did. My daughter, Emma, was sick for months with a complication of diseases, and was attended by three physicians until she got so low she could not turn in bed or scarcely swallow, and all hopes gone for her recovery. At this critical period we sent for your medicines and commenced giving them to her. In a few hours we could see a change for the better, and in three days she was up, and after taking the remedies a few months, she is as well as any person in our country, and no one can tell that she ever had been so near the grave. The most remarkable event about this case is this: After she could get around the house she ate too many oysters, which made her very sick. The next day I wrote to Dr. Dobson, stating the case; but before I put this letter in the office, I received one from him, answering every question in the letter that I had not sent, he also sending more remedies, which soon completed her cure. This showed me he could answer questions by some power outside of himself. I wish I could let everybody know

the great power Dr. Dobson has in curing suffering humanity, and I earnestly ask you to write to me in regard to this case—for I am willing to give testimony under oath to the above facts. H. B. HUNT.

The above was told Calvin E. Northrup; a highly respected citizen of Maquoketa by Mr. Hunt, a short time ago.—*Maquoketa, Ia., Record.*

There was once a minister of the gospel who never built a church.

Who never preached in one.
Who never proposed a church fair to buy the church a new carpet.

Who never founded a new sect.
Who frequented public houses.

Who never received a salary.

Who never asked for one.

Who never wore a black suit or white necktie.

Who never used a prayer book.

Or a hymn book.

Or wrote a sermon.

Who never hired a cornet soloist to draw souls to hear the "Word."

Who never advertised his sermons.

Who never took a text for his sermons.

Who never went through a course of theological study.

Who never was ordained.

Who never was "converted."

Who never went to conference.

Who was he?

Jesus Christ.

—X.

Rev. Highflyer: "I delivered that sermon off hand. I hadn't given it a moment's thought. How did you like it?" Frank Hearer: "I can't say. You see, I didn't give it a moment's thought either."

Chronology.—Old gentleman (putting a few questions): "Now, boys—ah—can any of you tell me what Commandment Adam broke when he took the forbidden fruit?" Small scholar (like a shot): "Please, sir, th'worn't no Commandments then, sir!"—X.

For forms of government let fools contest,
Whate'er is best administered is best;
For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight,
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right.
—Pope.

When a merchant promises to pay \$1 for his goods, and then fails and is let off by paying 30 cents, but makes his tenants pay full rent or get out, the evicted tenant feels like sand-bagging somebody.

When a railway company counts its yearly earnings by the millions, and works its employees seven days in the week at starvation wages it is nursing a brood of Anarchists.

Hang the Anarchists? I'm afraid the last would have to commit suicide or go unchanged.

The bomb that exploded in Chicago may have been thrown by the eight condemned men, but they did not make it.

Hard, sordid, grasping, pitiless, greedy hands spent a good many years making that bomb. It is well enough to hang the Anarchists, my boy, but I am afraid we're hanging the wrong men.—Burdette.

Philadelphia Press: In St. Louis there is a man who insists that the head is not that exhalation of the mind. It should be stated, however that this philosopher has confined his observations wholly to St. Louis.

The *Southern Cultivator* and *Dixie Farmer* speaks of us as follows:

Our thanks are due "Light in the West," of St. Louis, Mo., one of the ablest and handsomest journals in the country, devoted to Spiritualism, for its kindly mention of *The Cultivator*. Persons interested in Spiritualism should send for a copy of the above journal and well-examine its filled pages.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

The First Association of Spiritualists have leased the hall on the third floor over Williamson's Drug Store, corner Ninth and Franklin Avenue, and will hereafter hold their meetings there, commencing as usual at 2:30 p. m.

We would call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Prof. J. B. Campbell, V. D., which appears in another column. We will say more of this system of cure in our next issue.

The *Golden Argosy* of New York has changed in size from eight pages to sixteen pages, it is a well printed paper in small type, interesting to all, especially the young, as its stories are very well written and profusely illustrated. Address *Golden Argosy*, New York City for sample copy.

HOME COOKING.

At 823 Washington Avenue we have established a restaurant, where we give regular board, meals and lunches of the best, well-cooked food. Also, a principle feature of our establishment is **Hygienic Food**, and the proper preparation of it for all those who desire it. This diet is especially suited to dyspeptics and all invalids, and they are earnestly invited to come and try what we can do for them.

MR. & MRS. TRUSSELL.

THE BOOK SHELF.

TRAITE EXPERIMENTAL ET THERAPEUTIQUE DE MAGNETISME, by H. Durville. Pub. in Paris. 5 boulevard du Temple; price...2 francs (\$.40)

This work will be interesting to French scholars. The author claims to have discovered the laws that regulate the phenomena of animal magnetism and shows that there is but one malady, and that is the derangement of the vital forces.

IRENE; OR THE ROAD TO FREEDOM, by Sada Baily Fowler. Published by H. N. Fowler & Co., Philadelphia, Pa. Price.....\$1.00

This voluminous work of 600 pages, solid matter, is a discussion of the marriage problem in the form of a novel. The great question of social wrong is considered at length, and the book is evidently written with good intentions.

In places the subject is well treated, but on the whole the work is a wild, wierd and decidedly unreal tale that stops abruptly at the solution of the problem, which is to be given in another book, now in preparation, entitled *Freedom* Fourth, price \$1.00.

TEACHINGS FROM THE SPIRIT SIDE OF LIFE, published by S. C. Stoddard. Oakland, Cal., price.....\$.30

This work is given under the inspiration of "spirits that seek to help the fallen and give to the good courage to persevere to the end." It contains many gems of thought for those who will think

BOOKS FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

Book of Algoonah, a concise account of the history of the early people of North America, known as the Mound Builders. 353 pages, cloth, reduced to \$1 00 or with *LIGHT IN THE WEST* one year\$1 75

Mysteries of the Hand, Revealed and Explained: the art of determining, from an inspection of the hands, the person's temperament, appetites, passions, impulses, aspirations, mental endowments, character and tendencies. (See advertisement.)

Spiritualism Sustained, by John R. Kelsoe. The latest clear, logical, complete vindication of Spiritualism published. Cloth, 24 pages price\$1 00

The Four Gospels in One, containing every statement in Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, in exactly the words of the authorized version. (See advertisement.)

PAMPHLETS.

Spiritualists' Directory, useful for reference, 36 pages\$.25

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

Terms.—Until January 1st, 1888, *LIGHT IN THE WEST* will be sent one year to any address for *One Dollar in Advance*. The paper will not be sent to any person on credit, unless with a distinct understanding as to terms, — \$2 00 if not in advance; and it will be stopped at the expiration of the time paid for unless we are requested to continue at the rate of \$2 00 per annum. The due with the address on the wrapper shows the subscriber when his subscription is out.

Specimen Copies.—A specimen copy will be sent at the request of any one, and we consider it a favor to have lists of names with addresses sent to us.

Club Rates.—For \$750 we will send *Ten* copies one year to any addresses the sender may order, including his own. For the benefit of societies, and individuals wishing a number of copies to distribute, *LIGHT IN THE WEST* will be sent one year to *one address* on the following terms:

5 copies.....	\$ 4 50
10 "	6 50
50 "	35 00
100 "	65 00

In this case cash must be sent with the order.

Club List—*LIGHT IN THE WEST* and any of the following publications will be sent one at the price set opposite:—

Banner of Light.....	\$3 00.....	Club \$3 50
Century.....	4 00.....	4 75
Library Magazine.....	1 00.....	1 25
St. Nickolas.....	3 00.....	3 75

Advertisements.—Those answering advertisements will do us a favor by mentioning *LIGHT IN THE WEST*.

18 INDEX 86

PROSE.

A

A Letter	241
A Wonderful Book	251
A Letter	267
A Protest	308
A Letter	387
A Good Opening	515
A Peculiar Experience	561
A Few Words to Preachers	563
A Curious Painting	135
A Letter	139
A Good Wife	45
A Tradition	11
A Dead Man Better than None	44
A Friendly Letter	149
A Letter	158
A Present Need in Spiritualism	167
A Kind Hint	75
A Cheery Letter	52
A Plea for Newsboys	122
A Woman's Heart	75
A Slander on God	130
A Spiritual History	132
A Suggestion	132
A Model Letter	167
A Pleasant Meeting	122
An Incident	13
An Incident	140
An Enjoyable Meeting	583
An Unparalleled Offer	244
An Explanation	583
An Age of Progress	543
As the Twig is Bent	181
As the Tree Falls, so it Lies	50
Are They Robbers	105
Are They All Lost	266
Are You Satisfied	372
Are Suicides Insane	222
"Are You Satisfied"	387
American Tribune	459
Ancient Strikes	515
Abusive and Antagonistic	543
Anthropology	304
Argument of Abuse	514
Assertions Never Create Truths	211
About Materialization	22
Armies of Spirits	18
Alive or Dead	175
Accidental Death and Immediate Return	56
Anthropology	289
Advanced Thought	316

B

Bavaria's Dead King	201
Boston Matters	288
Best Look at Things as They Are	302
Belief and Knowledge	538
Benefit of Geology to Mankind	220
Boston Letter	331, 525
Boston Letter	51
Blessings of Spiritualism	89
Beecher, (H. W.)	88
Baptist Eschatology	22
Brooklyn Spiritual Union	140
Bigotry	98

C

Colville, W. J.	409, 457, 465
Capital Punishment	202
Come Up Higher	203
Chickens Come Home to Roost	223
Christian and Pagan Hells	250
Communications from the Spirit World	254
Curious Inconsistency	265
Come Up Higher	298
Common Property	323
Clinton Camp Meeting	309, 324, 339, 355
Clear Grit	329
Cassadaga Camp	354
Causes of Earthquakes	366
Charleston Letter	398
Clear the Way	412
Communication	418
Call to Action	420
Cure for Alcoholism	431
Colville Lectures	425
Compulsory Buying	467
Clerical Wit	467
Communication	543
Chicago Letter	88
Creeds	89
Communication	57
Convincing Testimony	2
Can a Jew be Saved	21
Cremation	26
Cremation	8
Chiro-Psychometry	52, 83, 104, 135, 156, 175, 192, 210, 226, 242, 258

D

Does God Understand English	203
Don't	483
Death	505
Discipline (story)	528, 544, 557
De'ay	394
Did Jesus Christ Exist	499
Dream or Vision	54
Dot your I's and Cross Your T's	57
Drafts on Memory	103
Dead of the Year 1885	11
Degeneracy of the Stage	156
Drill of the Spirits	22
Divine Love	53
Death is Swallowed up in Victory	99
Death	86
Dark Phenomena	146

E

Electricity and Magnetism	227
Evil Spirits	332
Equal Right for All	418
Elimination of Christian Myths	579
Existing Charities a Failure	305
Ecclesiastic Theology	495
Evolution the Agency of Civilization	170
Emerson's Best Thoughts	50
Eastern Correspondence	21
Early Marriages	12
Epitaph	160
Editorial Paragraphs	1, 2, 17, 18, 33, 34, 49, 50, 65, 66, 81, 97, 98, 113, 129, 145, 165, 181, 201, 217, 233, 249, 265, 281, 297, 313, 329, 345, 361, 377, 393, 425, 453, 473, 489, 521, 537, 553, 269

F

Flower Seance	192
Final Object of Modern Spiritualism	253
First Association of Spiritualism	244, 228, 275, 324, 335, 355, 372, 387, 389, 44, 419, 435, 467, 500, 515, 531
First and Last	433
Forms of Religion	482
Fruit and Vegetable Growers' Ass'n	227
Failure of Prison Reform	266
Fables for the Times	444
Free Thought	55
Facts for Spiritualists to Digest	168
For Life's Sake	173
Forgiveness of Sin	139
Food, Intellect and Morals	27
Free Love	40
Friendship	147

G

God's Purpose in Creating Man	218
Gladstone	249
Glory	542
Good Enough Spiritualism	498
Gilded Hells	174
General Grant's Heresy	7
Greater Works shall ye do	99
God's Chosen Peoples	145
G. A. R. Memorial Services	186

H

How Can We Know God	239
Hope	259
Home of the Spirit	383, 397
Harmony	441
Hypocrisy of Conventionalism	538
Hypocrisy	586
Honesty	255
Hint to Dudes	483
Heros and Heroins	562
How We Build	54
How to Become a Spiritualist	102
He Blacked his own Boots	102
Hell and the Devil	104
Home Sweet Home	168
Human Electrotypes	13
Home of Theodore Parker	41, 59

I

Immortality and Ultimate Happiness	191
Independent Slate Writing	220
Is Civilization a Blessing	255
Inspirational	268, 290, 307, 317, 333, 348, 368, 384, 400, (416, In memorium, Mrs Smith), 432, 448, 464, 77, 496 508, 539, 554, 584
Immortality and Next	394
Iconoclasm	494
In New Quarters	245
Is Man Merely a Worm	281
Isolethe	399, 414, 429, 445
Impromptu Meeting	468
Inspiration of the Bible	477
Inspiration	506
Individuality	84, 101
"In the Blood is the Life"	87
Important News	109
Interesting Memoirs	6
Interesting Communication	151

Ingersol on Alcohol	150	Obituary	433	Signs of the Times	269, 291, 307, 348, 368, 385, 401, 417, 433
J		Our Home in Heaven	185	Shalam Colony of Faithists	298
John Wetherbee's Letter	238	Our Brooklyn Letter	133	Spirit and Matter—A Review	378
Jesus	415	Our Sixth Sense	90	Strange Occurrences	382
Jesuit Morality	491	Our Cause in Dakota	107	Story of Gen. Garfield	583
Justice to All	366	Our Fate	91	Spirit Power	203
Joseph's Grain Corner	429	Our Brooklyn Letter	69	Spiritual Degrees	234
Judaism vs. Christianity	187	Our Boston Letter	73	Spiritualism 210, 221, 257, 274, 321,	353
K		Obsession	147	Stealing Spiritual Thunder	292
Key Thoughts	403	Origin of the Trinity	34	Spirit Telegraphy	301
Kansas City Letter	527, 540	Oneness in Wedlock	4	Seeing Him Who is Invisible	314
Karl Keppelstane's Books	512	Opium Dens in Baltimore	25	Spirit Life	393
Keep Pure the Temple	173	P		Spirit Communion	184
Keob Universal	131	Progress	202, 410	Spiritism	184
Kala	28, 44	Perfected Through Suffering	233	Science vs. Religion	106
Kingdom of Heaven (Richmond)	152	Pertinent Retort	259	Swedenborgian Theory	10
L		Presentiments	367	Saved by His Father's Spirit	24, 43
Leaves from My Own Book of Life	225	Progress of Free Religious Thought	395	Substantial Good Wish	160
Liberty and Love	316	Personal Recollections	483	Samuel Bowels	100
Life's True Philosophy	446	Progression	563	Spiritualism in China	107
Long Words	515	Prayer	205	Statements and Views	23
Logic of Being	260, 276	Progress of Man	234	Spirit Manifestations	4
Lookout Mt. Campmeetings	306	Panoramic View	323	Self Accusing Narrative	67
Like Beast, Like Man	330	Plagiary	377	Spiritual and Intellectual	145
Life	473	Prophecy	476	Spiritualism in St. Louis	182
Literature	554	Persecution of the Albigensis	524	Spiritualism vs. Orthodoxy	183
Ladies' Dress	55	Pen-Picture of the Hereafter	580	Seance in New York	119
Legends of Ceramic Art	9	Peace	185	T	
Look to the Children	70	President and Wife	186	The Jews	206
M		Parable of the Three Sons	138	The New Birth	314
My	189	Posthumous Praise	11	The Spiritualistic Heaven	426
Materialization Under Test Conditions	207	Progress Illustrates Spiritualism	153	The Future, What of it 397, 428, 442,	460
Materialism—Mental Science	287, 235	Poor Ireland	158	The Scheme of Salvation	447
Materialism	273	Perfect Happiness	129	The Probation Question	451
Magnetism, Influence	337	Prominent Cause Overlooked	171	The Book of Life	463
Mental Dynamics	362, 474	Power of the Priesthood	10	The Temple of Human Charity	211, 222
My Religion (Thomas Paine)	478	Presentiments	66	The Soliloquy	383
Mrs. Lord in the West	482	R		The Trinity	427
Mission of Mediums	521	Retrogression and Devolution	339	The Trance	411
Medical Whispers	555	Reward and Punishment	361	The Soul	418
Ministers of the Church	587	Rumme and Sugar	430	The Auto-de-Fe	508
Missionaries Needed	189	"Religion of Spiritualism"	499	The Holidays	582
Materialism	204	Rampant Nonsense	530	The Coming Christ	555
Manifestations of God in His Works	218	Recognition	346	The Gold Hunter	181
Mistakes We Make	238	Resort for Missouri Spiritualists	367	The Louisville Convention	114
Modern Sceptics	329	Religion in Texas	475	The Christ Principle	2
Mineral Blossoms	382	Rich and Poor	506	The Creed of Spiritualism	3
Mystery of Rosedale	480	Reality of Spirit Power	188	The Spirit the Real Man	3
Mind in Nature	513	Responsibility of Parents	91	The Spiritual World	5
Memory	541	Recipes	25	The Mother Church	34
Mrs. S. B. Craddock	562	Religion, Morals and Law	174, 194	The Hereafter	81
Missionary in Burmah	583	Religion	82	The Human Voice	83
Mrs. Richmond	188	Revolution	115	The Rosecrucians	100
Materialization Frauds	170	Regret	165	The Origin of Spiritualism	20
Mediums	171	Refreshing Stories	75	The Greed of Gain	118
Materialism	174	Rosieruciaie	134	The Sarcastic Woman	160
Mind Cures	57	Rev. Sam Jones	19	The Outward and the Spiritual Man	71
Mesmerism	58	Rabbi Sonneschein	129	The New Planchette	124
More Light Wanted	105	S		The Demand of Religion	8
Mistaken Identity	10	Swedenborgianism	36	The Problem of Life	76
Mediumship	11	Spiritual Force of Coal and Iron	396	The Air We Breathe	27
Mortality and Occupations	13	"Shadowy" Spray from Boston	410	The Liquor Business	73
Materialization	150	Spiritual Temperance	425	The Soul	122
Mind Cure	91	Spirit Message	435	The Golden Calf	156
Ministering Angels	23	Social Walls and Fences	445	The Church and Spiritualism	106
Materialized Apparitions	123	Sermon on the Mount	497, 546	The Two "Heavens" Contrasted	148
Matter and Spirit	37	Spiritualism not Universalism	500	The Spiritual Life	56
Mediumistic Experiences	53	Spiritualism: The Light; the Darkness	582	The White Slave	123
Mind Over Mind	159	Spiritualism All Prevading	409	Twenty Years in a Trance	526
Material and Spiritual	71	Slate Writing	414	Thought Reading	531
Mistakes of Christianity	118, 151, 338	Spirit Message	419	Terrible Profanity	452
Materialism	116	Simplicity in Language	430	Telegram	394
N		"Shadows" on Dawbarn	443	True Bravery	413
New Society	483	Supernaturalism	446	Though Blind, Yet I See	466
New Development	543	Spiritual Speculations; Review 492, 522,	577	Thoughts as They Occur	194
Not Surprising	56	Spiritualism and Fashion	538	Truth in the Ultimate	386
New Wine in Old Bottles	130	Scientific Miscellany	546	Theodore Parker	193
Not Definite Enough	85	Saturday Half Holiday	196	True Spirituality	115
New Heaven and New Earth	91	Spirit Warning	206	Try the Spirits	19
N. Y. "World" Exposé	166	Spirit Communion	237	Tidings from the East	39
O		Spirit Communication	252, 466, 513	Talking With the Dead	123
O, Ye Mourners	509	Spirit and Master—Evolution and Progress	283, 299	Temple and Tower	87
				Three Rules	59

To Our Readers	170
True and False Christianity	183
Untruthfull Communication	66
Untruthful Communications (2)	116
Usefulness	169

Vicksburg	355
Veteran Spiritualist	530
Visit to the Moon	90
Voice from the Sunny South	72

War in Heaven	217
What will Become of the Church	250
Which One	274
Whiskey Did It	322
Who Shall be Saved	378
Who is Justicia	402
Waged by Spirits	431
War	510
What is Repartee	542
What was in the Bible	206
Woman's Crown	242
Will 1886 be a Year of Doom	271
Warning from the Invisible World	215
Who Governs America	399
Who is "B"	419
Who are Spiritualists	461
Woman's Congress	489
What They and We Say	76, 92, 108, 197
Woman's Influence	122
What We Need	137
Words that Shine	87
What an Old Sailor Saw	13
What Good in Spiritualism	155
Wearing Weeds	158
Women and Men	26
Why Jews Live so Long	28
Why I Became a Spiritualist	120, 136, 154, 172, 190, 208, 224, 240, 256, 272, 286, 304, 320, 336, 352

POETRY.

Allah, Father	170
Adversity	585
A Prayer for the Devil	73
A Snowbound Robin	8
A Sad Story	515
A Song, a Sermon and a Prayer	460
A Mother's Love	582
Be Kind	13
Beggar's Alike	159
Battle Ground (Joaquin Miller)	331
Chestnuts Set to Rhyme	447
Do Not be Discouraged	492
For an Only Son	346
Growth or Death	314
Give us a Call	366
Gem for every Month	527
Her Sphere	271
In Memoriam	218
In Church	583
If That High World	394
Life	75
Like Father, Like Son	140
Love	87
Love's Right Way	208
Let There be Light	378
Lines for an Album	387
More Light	299
Mary's Dream	150
My Guardian Angels	194
My Spirit Guide	465
Mostly Lies	526

Memory	577
Nearer, My God to Thee	118
Not Lost	25
Our Dead	286
Ode to God	320
Only a Woman	512
Our Stella	445
Planchette	511
Road to God	172
Realities	240
Reality	25
Spirit of Truth	154
Spirit of Light	189, 236, 282, 315, 336, 352, 384, 400, 432, 464, 496, 522, 581
Sowing Seeds	367
Spirits of Love and Beauty	107
Song of the New Born Spirit	132
Seeking	28
Saul	442
Suspiria	392
The Light in the West	224
The Rest	304
The Child's Vision	362
The Comforter	42
The Silver Cloud	103
The "Light in the West"	104
The "Evil One" and His Mission	119
The Golden Calf	136
The Dying Child and its Toy	10
The Two Black Sheep	148
The Long Ago	272
The Father-Land	168
The Lamp	220
The Household Danger	398, 413
The Phantom Ship	415
The Haunted Chamber	448
Take Heart	25
There is Work for You to Do	309
To a Singer	431
Tribute to Dr. McLean	480
Tell Me not of Heavenly Halls	508
To Golden Hair	431
Thoughts on Death	528
Unselfishness	544
Voices that Angels Hear	426
Worm of the Still	190
Where is Heaven	252
Welcome to "Light in the West"	36
Waiting at the Heavenly Gate	43
Wounded Hare	256
Woman's Sphere	491
Where is Baby Now	541

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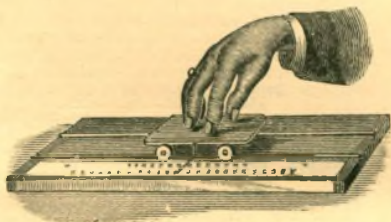
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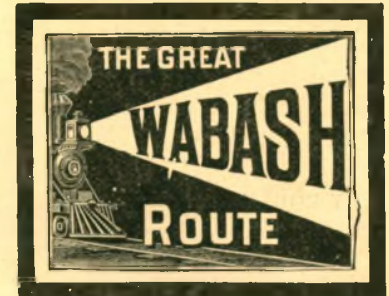
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W. H. NEWMAN, H. C. TOWNSEND,
Gen'l Traffic Manager. Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agt

ST. LOUIS.